

AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

VOL. XLI, No. 1
WHOLE No. 1020

April 13, 1929

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

CONTENTS

	PAGES
CHRONICLE	1-4
EDITORIALS	
Patrick Mallon, Knight—A Plea for Longer Lents—Prohibition Fanatics on the Run—Backing Crime in Mexico—Playing in Wall Street—Virtue in Indiana.....	5-7
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
Wide Open Spaces—Emancipation and Conspiracy—"Biography"—A Gospel Parable and a Modern School.....	8-15
SOCIOLOGY	
When a Man's a Man.....	15-16
EDUCATION	
A Mirror for Teachers.....	16-17
POETRY	
In the Suburbs—Jamaica—Tryst—Codicil.....	9; 12; 15
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF.....	18-19
LITERATURE	
Poetry and Pie.....	19-21
REVIEWS	21-23
COMMUNICATIONS	23-24

Chronicle

Home News.—The report that the President had no plan for farm relief but intended to leave the whole question to Congress was apparently denied when on April 4 Secretary of Agriculture Hyde appeared before the Congressional Committee on Agriculture. As presented to the Committee, the substance of the plan is the creation of a Federal Farm Board within the Department of Agriculture, clothed with broad general powers, and endowed with a \$300,000,000 endowment fund to operate through stabilization corporations. Differences of opinion developed among the members of the Senate Committee, some of whom thought that the Board should be independent of the Department of Agriculture, but Representative Aswell, of Louisiana, announced that the Secretary's plan would have his support.

The "tangled liquor problems," it was thought, would force a Congressional investigation. Diplomatically, the case of the Canadian rum runner, I'm Alone, seemed to present no insuperable difficulties after the Government decided not to press the case. Still, it was realized that a similar case might easily involve the vexed question of the free-

dom of the seas. Canada, however, has formally protested. A new quarrel arose over the stopping by the Customs in New York Harbor of a small private yacht belonging to Mr. Stuyvesant Fish. Mr. Fish claimed that the Customs men had boarded his boat much after the manner of pirates.—The brutal assault by local Prohibition officers on a home in Aurora, Illinois, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Lillian De King, the wounding of her husband, and the shooting of an official by Mrs. De King's young son, focussed attention on the character of the local agents. At the coroner's inquest, it was discovered that the agent had committed perjury in swearing out a warrant, and that the warrant had not been properly served. The local prosecuting attorney has turned the case over to the attorney general of the State.—In Michigan, the legislature repealed the Act under which life imprisonment for traffickers in liquor has been imposed. On April 2, by a large majority the voters of the State of Wisconsin demanded the repeal of the State enforcement act, and the legalization of 2.75 beer. On April 4, the New York police commissioner stated that 32,000 "speakeasies" were operating in the metropolis.

Austria.—On April 3, Msgr. Ignaz Seipel, who has been Chancellor of the Austrian Republic for the major part of its existence, resigned his Government with an announcement to the Cabinet Council in which he made references to attacks on his priestly office and his Church. The Chancellor further explained his resignation by saying that he had become "a personal impediment to the passage by Parliament of certain urgently needed legislation." Msgr. Seipel became Chancellor of the Austrian Republic in 1922. He resigned in 1924 and returned to office again in 1927 when the Ramek Government broke down. He was also Minister of Home and Foreign Affairs, in which offices he will continue provisionally in order to dispose of current business. Alfred Guertier, president of the lower Chamber; Edward Heintl, Minister of Trade, and Dr. Buresch, Governor of Lower Austria, have all been named as possible successors. Leopold Kunschak, chairman of the Christian Socialist party, stated that his party would again form a Cabinet with the Pan-German and Peasant parties, thus disposing of the rumor that the Christian Socialists would form a coalition with the Social Democrats.

The seventh anniversary of the death of Emperor Karl of Austria was marked by a solemn Mass of Requiem

in the Capuchin Church, where are respectfully enshrined the remains of the Hapsburg Emperors. The body of Emperor Karl, however, rests in the little church of Maria del Monte, in Funchal, Madeira. At the invitation of the former Empress Zita, a group of faithful mourners attended the services and afterwards strewed flowers on the coffin of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

China.—Reports from the war zone were conflicting, both as to military maneuvers and changes in the political attitude of leaders in the Wuhan rebellion. The Nationalists, however, were apparently continuing a successful advance despite stiff opposition. The Wuhan army was defeated in Kishui, sixty miles east of Hankow: casualties, 300. Nationalist troops also inflicted a serious defeat on the rebel army of Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, killing 2,000 at Ninghaichow. The civil Governor of Kwangtuang province proclaimed its neutrality in consequence. Subsequently, as a result of a coup d'etat, Canton proclaimed its affiliation with President Chiang Kai-shek. In consequence a break-up was anticipated of what was originally regarded as a strong, organized revolt.

On March 28, the third Kuomintang, or Nationalist party Congress, adjourned after a speech by President Chiang Kai-shek. He strongly denounced the growth of cliques within the party, and urged more friendly cooperation with the provincial government officials. While Hu Han-min, President of the Legislative Yuan, asserted that the success of the Congress would strengthen the prestige of both the Government and the party, and that he felt assured that the next Congress would be able to carry out a complete revolutionary program, it was significant that the new Central Executive Committee excludes most of the well-known revolutionary leaders.—The Government published the terms of the Sino-Japanese agreement on the Tsinan incident, which was signed last week. Because of the agreement, preparations were already begun for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops, which it was anticipated would probably be completed before the end of May.

1. Within two months after signature of the agreement the Japanese Government shall withdraw its troops from Shantung. The National Government, after their withdrawal, shall bear full responsibility for protecting all Japanese lives and property in China as it has repeatedly declared it holds itself responsible according to international law for the adequate protection of all foreigners.

2. A Sino-Japanese joint commission consisting of an equal number of Chinese and Japanese commissions shall be established for investigation and adjudication of the question of losses sustained by both countries due to the Tsinan incident.

3. In view of the existing friendship between the two peoples, the Chinese and Japanese Governments deplore extremely the unfortunate incident of May 3 last year. The Chinese and Japanese Governments and people sincerely hope for an improvement in Sino-Japanese relations. In order to achieve this end, they regard the unhappy feeling resulting from the Tsinan incident as passed and hereby make this declaration.

Both parties to the treaty are rejoicing over the success of the conferences which brought it about.

Czechoslovakia.—A wireless despatch from Prague to the *New York Times* stated that an invitation sent by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to Dr. Leo Borsky, former Czechoslovakian Minister in Rome and of late editor of the Opposition newspaper, *Narodna Politika*, to lecture in the United States on peace, together with thirteen other European newspaper men, had been dropped. The action was thought to be due to Dr. Borsky's opposition to President Masaryk and Dr. Benes.

France.—Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France, died suddenly in Paris on March 31. He had been ailing for several days, but had not suspected the seriousness of his condition. His death was the occasion of an extraordinary tribute from prominent spokesmen in the French Government and in the press of Paris. Ambassador Herrick, who was a native of Ohio, had been Governor of that State from 1903 to 1906. Appointed to the Paris post by President Taft, in February, 1912, he continued in office under President Wilson till December, 1914, and was reappointed in April, 1921. During the early months of the War, when many Government offices and foreign embassies were removed from Paris, Ambassador Herrick's example in remaining in the capital did much to prevent a general exodus. In the latter years, since his reappointment, he played an important part in the negotiations for debt settlements and naval disarmament, and in the preliminaries of the Kellogg Pact. After funeral services on April 4 at the Embassy, where General Pershing spoke, and at the American pro-cathedral, the remains were carried on a special train to Brest, and placed on board the French cruiser *Tourville*, which was waiting to bear them to America.

Commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale between France and Great Britain took place at Cannes on April 1. Banquets, naval maneuvers, and other festivities, attended by many distinguished representatives of both Governments, marked the occasion. The Duke of Connaught unveiled a tablet recording the event, and the French press, reviewing the history of the years of friendship, gave general expression on the hope for continued happy relations.—The Kellogg Pact, approved by the Chamber of Deputies on March 1, gained a unanimous viva voce vote in the Senate on March 29.

Germany.—While thousands of war widows and war maimed were made happy by the special Easter gifts totaling 445,000 marks (about \$100,000) from the fund which was collected in honor of President Hindenburg's birthday, the Reich was not a little perturbed over the renewed activities of the Nationalists as disclosed in the letters of Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, leader of the National People's party, in which he attempted to enlist American sympathy for his cause. It was felt that the plans of the Nationalists were far more comprehensive than dis-

Emperor's
Anniversary

The
War

Kuomintang
Congress

Editor
Dropped

Ambassador
Herrick
Dies at Paris

Treaties
Old and New

Nationalist
Activity

closed in this bit of propaganda. Rumors multiplied and suspicions grew when General Groener, Minister for Defense, ordered General von Tschischwitz, an old-time reactionary acting in place of General Heye as commander-in-chief of the Reichwehr, to hand over his command to General Hasse, who is said to be more republican than reactionary. It was recalled that the Reichwehr contains many officers who served under the Kaiser. But the Reichwehr itself was free from suspicion. When Dr. Hugenberg's letter appeared in the Berlin press he was taken with a mysterious illness. In East Prussia there were brought to light the "League for the Liberation of Germany," the "League of German Victory" and the "League for the Liberation of Germany," the "League of German Victory" and the "League of the Good." The latter would reject the Christian Faith as "un-German" and in its place revive the worship of Wotan. It professed, furthermore, open hostility to Poland.

Great Britain.—When Lloyd George first announced his pledge that, if returned to power in the general elections next month, he would abolish abnormal unemployment without increasing taxation, his assertions were derided by the Conservatives and Laborites. The Liberal leader

The Liberal Program

has since published a pamphlet, prepared by a Liberal committee, which outlines his proposals. According to the Manchester *Guardian*, Lloyd George's pledge "is likely to set the key to the general elections." The proposed plan would reduce unemployment by 700,000; it would begin to absorb labor within three months of its adoption, and would, before the end of twelve months, reduce the number of unemployed to normal proportions, that is, to about 500,000 persons. The workers would be provided for by creating employment in the building of roads and bridges, in housing, telephone and electrical development, land drainage, etc. Specific programs in these departments are explained in the pamphlet. The costs for these public works would not be derived from an increased taxation. The greatest of the schemes, that of roads and bridges employing 350,000 men, would be paid for by a special Road Loan; this loan would be charged against the increasing income from the Road Fund and against the growth of land values created by the road developments. Expenditure on telephone, electrical and transport schemes would be justified as an ordinary commercial proposition. The housing proposals would fall within the present budget. Land drainage would be the only new net additional cost to the treasury. Against this and other possible losses, the proposal states that there would be a saving to the Unemployment Insurance Fund and increased receipts from workers.

Ireland.—In the estimates for public services in the Free State ending March 31, 1930, there is indicated a decrease of £1,825,466. The total estimates, 1928-1929, were £22,966,596; those for the current year are £21,141,130. The principal decreases in the sixty-eight services provided for in the estimates were: agriculture, £363,-

095; army, £361,912; property losses compensation, £275,300; public works and buildings, £238,589; land commissions, £204,211; posts and telegraphs, £192,120; beet sugar industry, £165,666; army pensions, £43,414; constabulary, £29,605. The Government asserted that these substantial reductions would be made without impairing the efficiency of essential services. There has also been a reduction of the adverse trade balance from £15,244,000, as of the preceding year, to £12,845,000, last year. According to a correspondent, the published figures would all go to show that the country is prosperous, but the human indications are just the reverse. There are parades of the unemployed in the streets, agricultural conditions are deplorable, the price of land has fallen, the banks are pressing for the payment of loans, shopkeepers are pessimistic, etc. Despite this, theaters and motion-picture houses are thronged, the people generally are well-dressed in the cities, large dances are held every evening, etc. So violent are the contrasts that even the specialists have stated that the economic position is obscure.

Italy.—Premier Mussolini visited Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary, at the latter's villa near Florence on April 2, and later in the day Sir Austen was a guest at an intimate luncheon given by Il Duce. An official bulletin gave no details of their conversations, merely stating that they had "reaffirmed the cordiality of their Governments' relations and found themselves in agreement on all important questions."

Jugoslavia.—Negotiations were reported between the Government and the house of Rothschild and Co., in London, for a new loan of \$250,000,000. It was said Blair and Co., of New York, by reason of the stipulations of their two previous loans to Jugoslavia in 1922 and 1924, would have the power to grant or withhold from the Rothschilds the power to conclude the loan. Speculations were current as to the conditions that the Rothschilds might exact, the first of which was thought to be the severance of the connection existing between the National State Bank and the Government. It was thought also likely that the dinar would have to be placed on a gold basis.

Mexico.—Mexico City dispatches reported a series of intense military engagements in Chihuahua and Sinaloa, and active campaigning around Naco, on the Arizona border. On March 29, the Government was ready to admit the gravity of the revolt; it was anticipated that it would take another month at least to put down the combatants. Very heavy fighting took place around Jimenez, and later at La Reforma, both of which places the Federals eventually occupied. Reports placed the casualties in the Jimenez sector as high as 2,000, chiefly among the rebels. After a defeat at La Cruz, the revolutionists

Federal Victories

fighting on the Western coast began a retreat toward Culiacan. At Naco, the Federal garrison continued besieged, though the rebel cavalry suffered a repulse in an attempt to take it. Twice rebel monoplanes in bombing the town dropped bombs north of the United States border. It was anticipated the incident would bring warnings to the revolutionary leaders from the American Government to be more watchful. According to the New York Times correspondent, the heavy casualties among the rebels in the Jimenez region were "understood to be due largely to the dropping of seventy-five-pound demolition bombs by Federal aviators. These great bombs are understood to have been made in the United States and were part of the ammunition supplied to the Federals with the consent of the Hoover administration." While President Gil treated the rebellion as a purely military affair, General Calles in his reports continued referring to the combatants as "religious rebels." On April 3, by direction of President Hoover, Secretary of State Stimson requested the War Department to release the 325 Federal Mexican troops detained at Fort Bliss to the Mexican Consul General at El Paso. Mr. Stimson also warned Americans against fighting with any of the armies in Mexico, especially the rebel service.

Poland.—At a Cabinet meeting on April 3, Premier Casimir Bartel announced that he had tendered his resignation to the President of the Republic. This step was predicted after the Government defeat in Parliament several weeks ago. President Moscicki in a conference with M.

Premier Resigns

Bartel and Marshal Pilsudski, Minister of War, tried to persuade the Premier to retain his office, but M. Bartel urged ill health and lack of Parliamentary support as the reasons for his decision to abandon the office. Marshal Pilsudski likewise refused to assume the premiership again and the President proposed the formation of a cabinet of "reconciliation with Parliament" on the ground that the economic situation demanded cooperation between the ministry and the Sejm. The President's proposal was a blow at the "Colonel" group in the Sejm which has shown hostility to Parliament as well as to Premier Bartel. The Premier's resignation will not be forthcoming until final decisions have been reached on the President's proposals.

Rome.—The death of Evaristo Cardinal Lucidi, on March 31, at the age of sixty-two, further reduced the number of Italian Cardinals in the Sacred College. He is the ninth of his rank to die in succession since the death of the last non-Italian Cardinal. He was elevated to the Cardinalate in December, 1923, with Cardinal Galli, who died just five days before him. He was a member of four of the Congregations of the Roman Curia (Rites, Religious, Propaganda, and the Oriental Church), the Tribunal of the Segnatura, and the Commission for the Interpretation of Canon Law.

Stories by Roman correspondents in certain quarters of the secular press announced on April 3 that the Holy See

was about to come to terms with Soviet Russia, by an agreement whereby the Soviets would abandon their policy of religious persecution and permit Catholic priests the free exercise of their ministry, the Government to gain by this change of front the advantage of formal recognition by the Vatican. An authoritative denial of these rumors was given out by the Vatican on April 4, in which it was stated that persecution in Russia continued, and that two priests had been deported within the last few days.

Russia.—Announcement was made on April 2 that at the coming Communist party conference there would be discussed: first, a five years' plan for national economic development; second, the means for improving agriculture and rural taxation; and third, the immediate problems of bureaucracy. Much comment was caused by the postponing of the conference from March 23 to April 20, which was said to be in order that it should come after the time of the spring grain sowing.

An increase of seven per cent in sowing was demanded for this year. President Kalinin stated recently that the kulaks, or richer peasants, were reducing their sown area and were urging others to do the same; while "thirty to forty per cent of the rural taxes must be collected from the three or four per cent kulak elements in the villages." Recent cold weather, and fear of inadequate credits for the State Bank added to the anxiety.

Spain.—In several statements given to the press at the beginning of the month, Premier Primo de Rivera recounted the facts of the Ciudad Real mutiny and the attempt to overthrow the Government which resulted in the arrest of former Premier Guerra. He expressed his regret at the unfortunate exaggeration of the affair in the foreign press and repeated his assurance that there had been no bloodshed, and that the \$5,000 reward for evidence to the contrary was still unclaimed.

Premier Comments on Propaganda

The approach of the month of May reminds us, among other things, that May 12 is Mothers' Day. Paul L. Blakely will sound the call next week once again for a "Catholic Mothers' Day."

Hilaire Belloc, nothing if not provocative, will explain "Why Catholics Write Good History." He finds the reason in the fact that only Catholics can be impartial.

An interesting and significant meeting took place in Washington during Easter Week. It was the annual convention of the Catholic Association for International Peace. One of the principal figures at the meeting, Joseph F. Thurning, will tell its story.

"The Art and Mystery of Writing" is the title of a sprightly paper by W. G. Lauer, who takes the occasion to air some original ideas on how to get young people to write.

Death of Cardinal Lucidi

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1929

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

WILFRED PARSONS

Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFARGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. DOYLE

Associate Editors

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:

Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
Telephone: Medallion 3082

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts

Patrick Mallon, Knight

BY grace of the Holy Father, Mr. Patrick Mallon, of Brooklyn, New York, has been created a Knight of St. Gregory. We congratulate Mr. Mallon, whom we have long counted a friend and an enlightened critic. Catholic sociologists and social workers, members of the St. Vincent de Paul, and all who are interested in the promotion of social work on Catholic principles, will rejoice that this veteran worker in the field has been honored by the Vicar of Christ.

For ourselves we have but one difficulty, grave indeed, when we remember that it touches upon the theological and the metaphysical. How can even the Pope make a knight of a man whose life and labor made him a knight years ago? It would smack of irreverence to hint that the Holy Father does things uselessly. Hence, we find an evasion, if not an escape, in the reflection that the Vicar of Christ has only given public recognition to a fact which all of us have long known, that he has sanctioned it officially and, as it were, *in facie Ecclesiae*, before the whole Church. Remaining, as always, a "Knight of Charity," Mr. Mallon adds to the title that of Knight of St. Gregory.

If we are not mistaken Mr. Mallon was the first Catholic in the United States to act as an officer of the children's court, to safeguard the interests of Catholic children. This work he began some thirty years ago. A familiar figure in national and State, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, conventions for many years, Mr. Mallon was always sure to be heard from in exposition or defense of some Catholic principle. Now and then, in these scientific days, it is whispered that he is too uncompromising. But what a glorious thing it is to be an uncompromising Catholic, especially when surrounded by the wild dogs of uncompromising Hegelians and statolaters! Suavity has its place; so too has the undaunted spirit which never fears to break a lance when the interests of Christ and His little ones are in peril. In our judgment, Mr. Patrick Mallon has both suavity and fearlessness.

Is it presumption on our part to remark that Rome apparently has approved this judgment?

Mr. Mallon is a veteran worker, but that phrase must not be taken to indicate that he is ready to leave the field. He will be with us for many years, strong in his uncompromising defense of Catholic principles, zealous and self-sacrificing in applying them for the relief of Christ's needy ones. We trust that we may follow him, at least from afar. For where his banner flies there, we are sure, the fight rages most hotly.

A Plea for Longer Lents

THE reports published in the Catholic papers indicate that the Lent of 1929 was unique. Catholics all over the country seem to have united to make it, even more than in former years, a time of spiritual rebuilding.

In the larger cities, the week-day services were more varied and frequent. New York, for instance, presented the pleasing spectacle of a score of churches gathering crowds every day for the noon-day Mass. Eloquent preachers and missionaries vied with one another in preaching Jesus Christ Crucified. The Rev. John A. McClorey, S.J., of the University of Detroit, preached at the High Mass on Sunday in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. On Monday night he preached in Detroit, on Wednesday night in Milwaukee, on Friday night in Cincinnati, and Sunday found him once more in New York. Repeating the circuit six times during Lent, he traversed more than 14,000 miles. Another zealous priest in New York not only conducted the Devotion of the Three Hours on Good Friday, but preached four more sermons in three other churches of the city.

The devotion of the laity was equal to the zeal of the clergy. For thousands who had unfortunately drifted away from the practice of their religion, the Lent of 1929 was a time of awakening, and Easter Sunday a morning of spiritual resurrection. These happy results prompt us to inquire why we cannot make our Lents longer.

No reference to fasting and abstinence is intended, for an indulgent Mother Church, recognizing that for very many in these debilitated days, fasting is not possible, has already relaxed in many respects the older bonds of the Lenten discipline. Nor do we suppose that our pastors could long bear up under the physical burden which the many daily Lenten services impose, or that the voices of our preachers would be equal to the strain of calling all day long to the wandering sheep. Therefore, we cannot retain for all the year the devotions which are peculiar to Lent. But we can retain the same spirit which made the Lent of 1929 a time of spiritual growth which we remember with gratitude.

Surely, we do not close our churches on Easter Monday. Our Lord is always in His tabernacle, ready to come to us. The poor are ever with us, and in serving them we serve Him. The schools which train the child to know and love Him are at hand, asking our support. The thousand forms of mercy and relief, characteristic

of the Church, do not cease with the first alleluias of Easter Day.

Here are works to our hand. When in cooperating with them, we must forego the little luxuries on which we lie as on cushions; then we practise self-denial. And through the constant practice of self-denial we can make our Lents last not for forty days, but for twelve months, and end only to begin again.

Prohibition Fanatics on the Run

THE murder of an inoffensive woman, Mrs. Lillian De King, shot down by prohibition officials while she was trying to telephone for help, has sent a thrill of horror through the country.

Prohibition agents entered De King's house, with a warrant of doubtful value, and after throwing some tear-bombs about, a deputy sheriff felled De King to the ground with a sawed-off shotgun. Mrs. De King had meanwhile rushed to the telephone, but on seeing her husband fall, rose to go to his side. She had hardly risen from her chair, when the sheriff fired, and the unfortunate woman received the full charge of a heavy shotgun in the stomach. Not a shot was fired by a member of the family until Mrs. De King fell to the floor dead. Then her twelve-year old son seized his father's pistol and shot the sheriff in the leg.

"It still remains to be proved," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "that Mr. or Mrs. De King ever sold so much as a dime's worth of liquor."

Even had their hands been dripping with whiskey, as the hands of their assailants drip with blood, we may stop to ask where this enforcement is to end. It has been customary for many years in this country to prosecute criminals not on suspicion, but on indictment, and with due process of law. That wholesome custom will soon be totally destroyed if Prohibition continues to dictate, as it has dictated in the past. Life imprisonment and even death, are penalties which the fanatics demand for infractions of Prohibition statutes. Shall we yield?

But they go far beyond that barbarity. With smug hypocrisy writ large upon their countenances, they view with complacency the unrestrained sadism of unworthy officials who on mere suspicion break into homes, and murder inoffensive citizens. Have we so soon forgotten the Gundlach murder in Maryland, and the pitiful spectacle of the Federal Government calling upon the plenitude of its power to protect—and successfully—a cowardly murderer from the righteous vengeance of the State of Maryland? Have we forgotten the young women debauched by Federal officials, and the little girls destroyed by State officials in Missouri and Illinois?

Apparently, we have. And not one word of protest has yet come from the Womens' Christian Temperance Union, or the Anti-Saloon League, or the Methodist Board of Morals, or from any organization by whose machinations this despicable, corrupt and tyrannical legislation was put on the statute books.

We shall wait in vain for that protest. Prohibition enforced by shotguns will stop at nothing. In the eyes

of the fanatic, the vile, uncharitable, and unjust statutes which cannot be enforced, except through Government-approved crime and corruption, are not only more sacred than all the guarantees of the Constitution, but infinitely more imperative than the inhibitions of the law of Almighty God Himself.

Therefore all who love justice and good government must make that protest without ceasing, until this source of personal and official corruption is utterly destroyed. There are signs of an awakening. Against the united opposition of the Anti-Saloon League, the State of Michigan has dared revoke its penalty of life-imprisonment for violations of the Prohibition statute. In a free and open election, the people of Wisconsin have called upon their State to repeal the legislation dictated by the Anti-Saloon League. Michigan and Wisconsin show that it is possible to defy the fanatics, and live.

Let every sovereign State vindicate its natural and constitutional rights in a similar manner, and follow the action by sending men, not puppets, to Washington. Such action will mark the downfall of government by thieves, bootleggers, corrupt politicians, and the brood of fanatics fostered by the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. It will make possible the restoration of government by just, reasonable, and constitutional methods.

Backing Crime in Mexico

HOWEVER unwillingly, even Satan now and then bears witness to the truth. With this fact in mind, we can accept the testimony of the Mexican rebel leader, Ugarte, as reported in the *New York Times* for April 2. Appealing to what he calls "the American sense of fair play," he more than hints that the United States has been decidedly unhappy in picking recipients for its favor in Mexico. And he observes, with point, that the Calles Government, far from being the free choice of the Mexican people, is so weak that it could not remain in power for a single day were it not sustained "by the moral and material support of the United States Government."

This complaint is thoroughly justified. At the present moment, we happen to be backing the criminals in power. Were we to transfer our support, we should merely sustain another group of criminals. But they would be, for the most part, the men who were lauded by the American press, and supported by the American Government, as austere patriots, lovers of liberty, justice, and all the rest, only a few months ago. That was when they were in the train of Calles.

Should the rebels succeed, and thus force recognition by this Government, the press and the Government would at once discover that Calles, Gil & Co., were merely an unincorporated band of pirates on sea and burglars on land. Piebald liberals, led by the *Nation*, would find no trouble in readjusting themselves to the change.

Let us cull a few names from the catalogue of worthies.

First, we come upon the redoubtable Roberto Cruz. Cruz, it will be remembered, is the gentleman who, as

John Cornyn writes, in the *Chicago Tribune* for April 2, "has made several fortunes. As Governor of the State of Puebla, and supporter of the most radical of creeds, he laid by more than enough to support him in his old age." As a revolutionary "general" he "put away another sizable nest egg." "As commander of the metropolitan police," this darling of the liberal American groups and a part of our press, "had many opportunities of amassing wealth which he never neglected to make use of. Those who know him say that his police job was worth a million to him."

Then there is Escobar, and his fellow-rebel, Manzo. At the present moment, they seem to be routed. But as they may appear with a larger meed of success, and of favor from this Government, it is well to point out that both have made millions at the expense of the public. To get a picture of government in Mexico for the last two decades or so, we must think of New York or Chicago completely controlled by Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Mike the Man-eater, and other criminals. That is a faint picture, for Mexico is infinitely richer than the City of New York, and offers opportunities for loot and plunder unparalleled in any other country. Only a few years ago, Manzo was a porter on the wharves of Guaymas, and Escobar "a poor man with expensive tastes." The wheel has turned. Now each is a wealthy man, with investments cannily placed in foreign countries.

At present, the American press, generally speaking, regards them as rebels and bad, bad men. Should they overcome the delectable Gil and the still more delectable Calles, they will at once be metamorphosed by the same press into self-sacrificing patriots who shed almost—but not quite—the last drop of their blood in the battle for freedom, enlightenment, peace, and the rest.

We may yet support them. But until they arrive, we back the criminals in power.

Playing in Wall Street

AS the antiquarians inform us, Wall Street has a noble history. Other antiquarians agree, but only in part. They substitute the epithet "ignoble." Thus are the quiet pages of history turned into battlefields by marplots who have no ear for a good story.

The origin of Wall Street, these iconoclasts argue, was purely utilitarian. They reject utterly the martial picture of old Peter Stuyvesant marching out to the edge of the forest, wherein lurked powerful bands of crafty enemies, there to build up with the aid of his people the ramparts of New Amsterdam, while Antony the trumpeter blared his most war-like notes to stay their flagging spirits. Their version is that the burghers built a fence somewhere near the present Wall Street to keep their pigs from straying away. There were no Indians in the forests to the north, and no wolves, but there was a rich store of mast which the pigs preferred to the odds and ends wherewith they were regaled in the thrifty town of New Amsterdam.

Leaving this momentous problem to the historians, it is clear enough that there are plenty of Indians and

wolves on Wall Street today. If Congress builds another wall, the effect will be to keep them in. Its first effort should be to throw them out.

John Jones and his neighbors should know by this time that Wall Street is not a playground for the simple, the straightforward, and the honorable. It is a locality in which the utterly immoral adage, "Business is business" is the supreme law. It is an environment in which the most startling changes can take place within five minutes. The firmest structures topple to the ground without warning. Your friend is your friend just so long as the connection is advantageous, and you may dine with your bitterest enemy of the morning. Wall Street, as the country has seen it for the last few months, is a perfect reflection of all the evils which, as moralists teach, accompany the love of temporal gain above all things.

Until the smoke clears away, it would be foolish and perhaps unjust to number the wolves and the Indians, and to set them aside for execution. We are promised another Congressional investigation, and an effort to discover whether or not the banks are lending money to finance wild speculations, the results of which mean ruin to thousands of investors. One would suppose that the heads of the great New York financial institutions learned long ago that the prosperity of a bank depends upon the prosperity of the community at large, and that the community's prosperity is checked and not promoted by extraordinary fluctuations in the price of money and securities.

There is no way of preventing men from investing their money unwisely, but it should be possible to discover methods of protecting financial institutions, which operate by leave of the people, from exploitation by financial combines which are piratically dishonest. Honest speculation is possible, but much of the speculation fostered by Wall Street is nothing but an attempt to secure a return on investments which is the rankest kind of usury.

In the long run, the public pays.

Virtue in Indiana

RECENTLY a criminal was arrested in Indianapolis, while eating a banana. Her name is Daisy Sullivan, and she is eighteen years old. She may be thirty-two before she is released from the penitentiary.

Her case shows clearly both the extremes to which a criminal will go and the high resolve of the authorities in Indiana to exterminate crime. It seems that the creature lost her job as a waitress, and having no funds, soon had no food. When hunger set in, she forged a check for \$2.80 and purchased—among other viands, we trust—some bananas. She was brazenly partaking of these when seized by the sleepless defenders of law and order. Thus virtue triumphed, and hungry vice was cast into a dungeon.

Perhaps it is not pertinent, but one Jessup Bolinger, also a citizen of Indiana, received the same sentence as Daisy Sullivan. His forgeries were for \$150,000.

Let Dogberry and Bumble write the moral.

Wide Open Spaces

JOSEPH J. QUINN
Editor, *Southwest Courier*

NOW that the Pope has added a few lots to his quarter section, the bigots are starting to run temperatures. Although the Holy Father has not enough room to make a good eighteen-hole golf links, the intolerant pollywogs nevertheless believe that his course is filled with plenty of hazards. They look upon his piece of land as a plot in more ways than one. These myth-makers have an idea that the Pope was serving a ninety-nine-year sentence and it was a rash move for Mussolini to let him out, no matter what his behavior.

Down here in the Southwest there are plenty of wide open spaces in the bigots' brains. Up to a few years ago the preachers went around with the Holy Writ under their left arm and a pack of anti-Catholic leaflets in their right hand. An unwieldy percentage of these circuit riders were named Hogan and O'Reilly, an heirloom of days of Rosaries and holy water. Their parents came here in the famous "runs" and left behind relatives and religion. They settled on broad prairies, dug down into the earth for a home or slept out under a ceiling of stars. They forgot how to make the Sign of the Cross, and Sunday mornings were spent pitching horseshoes, seventy miles distant from a Catholic church.

Back East the Protestant missionary societies looked upon the Twin Territories in the light of Madagascar and Malabar. Money was raised by selling the idea of home mission work to fat-jowled folk who loved Fifth Avenue of the nineties. They didn't thrill at the thought of themselves going so far away from Broadway show houses, but they financed the excursions of Testament-toting ministers who came down here under the great glow of evangelization. Missionizing became a thriving business and if you hadn't a preacher in the family it was because none of your kin could raise the price of a King James Bible. These peripatetics hired teams to visit distant families and among them were Catholics whose spiritual strength had been sapped by far removal from the Sacraments. They corralled the children and fed them bright mental nuggets and there you have the spawn.

Priests in Oklahoma at that time were as scarce as flowers in Potter's field. They borrowed ponies instead of hiring them for the simple reason that they carried nothing in their pockets beside a breviary. They were outnumbered forty to one by the ministers, who for obvious reasons kept in close communication with their Eastern supporters. Anti-Catholic literature got in before the boll weevil and made more rapid headway. As a result you meet people here today who believe that the Douay Bible is a twentieth-century fraud.

In no State of the Union has a secular paper as much influence as in Oklahoma. The people take it religiously with their morning coffee and in nineteen out of twenty homes all reading is confined to the daily press. During

the reign of the Ku Klux Klan practically every secular paper in Oklahoma blossomed with cowslip editorials. Members of the staffs joined the organization and for a time the good health of the Imperial Wizard got more publicity than the illness of President Harding. The whole State became Klan-minded. The Catholics were viewed as dandelions in a garden of sweet williams. Fiery crosses were burned by Christians more as a pyrotechnic feature than to show that Christ loved all men without exception.

But the Catholic Church failed to go out of existence and the priests went about minding their Father's business, which happened to be their own. This was exasperating to those who wore white cheesecloth ulsters over their overalls. The Klan feature did, however, make Catholics conscious of the fact that the mine-run Protestants knew as little of the true Faith as an ant-eater does of astronomy. Before long the camp-meeting experts ran to print with their views on the Pope and from then on the Catholics answered the sling shots with machine guns. The attacks of bigots were nailed in the public forum of the secular press. To see Catholic doctrine printed in any department of these papers was truly refreshing. The old myths were rapped in front of the public eye day after day, month after month, until intolerance became groggy.

The reaction to bigotry was marked. The larger papers became divorced from the Klan and finally swung to the other side. Simultaneously the public mind changed. Klan membership dropped with the suddenness of a rout and bigotry settled back on its haunches flabbergasted and exhausted. For the last six years every bigot's letter has been answered and when bold ones step forth publicly today they are accepted with that same sweet faith that an adult has in Santa Claus. The weekly paper, the last to follow suit, was difficult to win over. Even today there are a few State editors who lean toward the Klan, but they hesitate about using printer's ink in expressing their views.

The local Catholic paper checks up on every publication in the State. By paying a nominal fee to a clipping bureau it obtains every bit of Catholic and non-Catholic news printed in the Southwest. Praise is given to those who write fair-minded editorials and the truth is supplied to editors who write intolerantly on any Church question. The realization that they are under the scrutiny of a Catholic watchtower deters many editors from printing warped articles.

The *Southwest Courier*, diocesan organ of Oklahoma, was the first Catholic paper in the United States to use the radio in the dissemination of Church doctrine. Knowing that Oklahoma was well supplied with radios it arranged in 1927 for a series of broadcasts by the Rev. John J. Walde, bringing out the teachings of the Church in a

plain, direct and inoffensive manner. Not only did these lectures reach across Oklahoma but letters of inquiry came from Alabama to Montana. Non-Catholics asked this priest to explain certain passages of his lectures and many requested literature. Most of the inquiries came from rural districts.

At the present time the *Courier* is furnishing free copies of "The Faith of Our Fathers" to every radio fan who asks for them. The speaker tells his radio audience that a copy of this book will be sent absolutely free to anyone who asks this favor. This plan was inaugurated during the month of February of this year.

In the making of converts the *Southwest Courier* has found that the sending of the paper regularly to an interested family has been most effective. Attention was called to the possibilities in this line by the Rev. Edgar C. Wallace, thirty years a Methodist minister, becoming converted to the Catholic Faith. An Oklahoma priest, who has shown great interest in the diocesan organ, had been sending a copy of the paper each week to this minister who, at the time, was holding a rural post in Oklahoma. He finally got in touch with him and found that the latter not only had been enjoying the paper but had actually become interested in the Church to the point of asking for instruction. The minister, with his entire family, was converted in Oklahoma City two years ago.

This example proved inspiring. At least two Catholic organizations took it upon themselves to send the paper not only to non-Catholics who had shown an interest in the Church but to those rabidly anti-Catholic. Several laymen sent blocks of one hundred subscriptions to Protestants, and diocesan priests sent in many names of interested non-Catholics to whom the paper was sent. Priests later wrote in and informed the paper that some of these families had been converted.

This very week the *Courier* received a letter from the Rev. Herman J. Schafers, of Cushing, Okla. Each year this priest arranges with parishioners to send the paper to many non-Catholics in his county. "You will be interested to know," this pastor states, "that two of those families to whom we sent the paper last year are now subscribing themselves as they since have become converts. Furthermore, three members of another family who showed no interest in the Church until they received the *Courier* are now taking instructions for conversion."

The *Courier* itself sends hundreds of papers not only to every newspaper office in the State but to many non-Catholic families. Every week letters come in from Protestants saying how delighted they are with the paper and that they are glad to receive the truth about the Church. Copies mailed to newspaper offices are often marked, especially if sent to editors who are in the habit of printing damaging editorials against the Church.

Today the secular press of Oklahoma is eminently fair, whereas five years ago it was inordinately unfair. The bitter attacks, the inane rambling, the distorted straw men, have given away to tributes to the Church and to her clergy. It is our contention that the secular press has a gripping influence upon Protestants, much more than have her ministers. They don't miss their daily or weekly

paper; they do miss tabernacle talks and gospel meetings. The daily and weekly menu of five years ago poisoned their constitutions and they became fiery bigots. The fairness of the press today is bringing on a great reaction within them. They are struggling to unlearn what once was taught them.

The greatest handicap of the Catholic paper is that it can reach only a few Protestants. It is read by those who already are good Catholics for, truth to tell, it is only the good Catholic who subscribes to his diocesan paper. The means left, then, is to win the favor of the medium that does reach the public at large and that is the secular press. Non-Catholics consider the secular press above reproach and a carrier of the gospel truth, while they look upon the Catholic paper as favoring its own side. The mental complex of the editor reflects itself upon his readers in an unmistakable manner. A bigoted paper makes bigots of its readers.

There must be a fountain head for the waters of a stream. In like manner if we are to reach non-Catholics with any great degree of success there must be a central organization working through State or diocesan channels. The State unit if left to itself usually dies either stillborn or in infancy. The flaw, too, in the diocesan plan is that where the need of Catholic literature and apologetical brochures is direct, there diocesan organization is poorest morally and financially. A central agency must gather funds and allocate them to State groups. The parent stem must nourish the branch.

The South has been a neglected battle line in the Church militant. It has had the bequest of criticism instead of aid, has been scorned instead of sustained. Its few Catholic monuments have been reared through the sweat and toil of the cotton farmer and the cattleman. Without the aid of the Extension Society it would be a barren land, sterile in Catholicism. We know of no other agency that has come to its aid. It has been left to itself to nurture the poor planting, to combat the blight of bigotry and the weevil of fanaticism. It is the dwarfed daughter of the Church, left to grope its way among enemies who do not understand. It should like to lend books to its neighbors so that they might read of the beauties of its life and faith, its hope and charity, the soul within her, but it has no books and so it lives on, struggling, hoping that light may come to those who can lend a helping hand.

IN THE SUBURBS

One day in spring a band of Gypsies drove
 Along the highway. I was little then
 And watched amused. They found the maple grove
 And there they made their camp, and later when
 My father saw their tents I heard him say:
 "They make a business taking things they need."
 The City comes to us the very way
 Those people came, and like the Gypsy breed
 It deftly steals from us our meadows where
 The daisies live and where the berries hide;
 With fingers of a thief it tries to tear
 The honeysuckle vine that sits astride
 An ancient fence. Perhaps another year
 The maples, one by one, will disappear.

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT.

Emancipation and Conspiracy

G. K. CHESTERTON

(Copyright, 1929)

I RECENTLY received a letter, at once so illuminating, touching the whole position of Catholics in England for the last hundred years, and so illustrative of something, I wrote about a month ago, that I am moved to take it as a text for considering all that Catholic Emancipation has done and all that it has yet to do.

I said that in modern times, as a matter of fact, men still manage in some vague way to regard Catholics as conspirators. And yet there is the actual modern fact, staring them in the face, that it has been the specially anti-Catholic world that was one maze of conspiracy.

It is just as much an obvious fact that the secret societies have been the enemies of the Church as that the Socialists have been the enemies of the capitalist system or that the Pacifists have been the enemies of the modern system of armaments.

How is it that the anti-Catholic has not been condemned as secretive, even when, like the Freemason, he could not deny that he concealed a secret? How is it that the Catholic is still called secretive, though nobody can produce any rational *prima facie* case for supposing that he has any secret at all? Of course, to logicians of a certain type, it will be enough to answer that Catholics are so secretive that they can secrete the very existence of a secret. By that sort of logic, the charge might be brought against the Roman Church, as completely and conclusively as against the Wesleyan Church or the West London Ethical Society or the East London Gas and Coke Company.

My correspondent seems troubled upon this point; and I have a certain sympathy with his tone and spirit. Deeply as he regrets my religion, he seems rather reluctant to believe that I can be quite so debased and brainless a slave as one would naturally expect a co-religionist of Cervantes and Thomas More to be. But what interests me is that he asks me, with quite poignant earnestness, whether I can truly say, with my hand on my heart, that I was *not* brought into the Church by "secret missions" (whatever they may be) and all sorts of furtive and treacherous methods of approach. Was not my conversion a secret conversion? Did it not take place, to a great extent, as a part of my private life?

Now this interests me because it illustrates what I was trying to say better than I could say it. The point of my argument was that people regard certain things as very extraordinary in us which they regard as very ordinary in themselves. If they heard of a Calvinist becoming an Evangelical, they would naturally suppose that he had indulged in a few personal conversations with his Calvinist friends and his Evangelical friends. If they heard of a Catholic becoming a Protestant, they would think it not unlikely that the incident took place in his private life. When Sir Oliver Lodge was converted to Spiritualism, when Mr. Oswald Moseley was converted to So-

cialism, they had perhaps already discussed such matters in private houses, and in that sense behind closed doors.

As a matter of fact, few of the conversations which lead up to conversions have been as public as mine—the satirist was prone to suggest that it took place not so much in private houses as in public houses. There was a sort of journalistic joke about the association of Mr. Belloc and my brother and myself, and the inner circle of my Catholic friends. Mr. Max Beerbohm actually drew a caricature long ago, representing Mr. Belloc converting me from the errors of Geneva. Mr. H. G. Wells put us bodily into one of his stories, describing Mr. Belloc, Mr. Maurice Baring and myself as eternally engaged in religious discussion, especially about immortality and whether it would be allowed to Jews. It is a stray light, by the way, on the ignorance of the most intelligent about Catholicism, that he should suggest, even as a jest, that we could doubt that Jews have immortal souls.

Anyhow, any number of such jests proved the publicity of my friendship with Catholics, even when I was a Protestant. And yet this honest and enquiring correspondent asks me if I do not know well, in my heart and conscience, that my approach to the Church was secret; that Italian priests crept to my house at night disguised as Italian organ-grinders, or that I shut and barred all the doors of my house at midnight, before the Jesuit could come up through the trap-door.

Now that chance expression shows us pretty much how we still stand, with some sections of the public, a hundred years after we have had the political right to play our part in public.

But the final and most curious fact about the critic, in relation to the story of such political rights, is this. After thus earnestly appealing to me to look into my own heart and conscience, where I shall find a conspiracy, or to look into my own cupboard or coal-cellar where I shall certainly find a Jesuit, the same correspondent suddenly changes the subject and breaks out violently against the infamous impudence of Catholic processions; what he calls "usurping processions."

I do not quite understand what it is that they are supposed to usurp. Can it be that we have stolen our vestments from the Baptists? Can it be true that our banners and canopies really belong to the Methodists? But, anyhow, that is the combination which makes this sample of the anti-Catholic mind so interesting and peculiar. It does not seem to occur to him to notice the relation of this point to the rest of his argument. I can only mildly suggest to him that, whatever else may be said about public processions, they can hardly be regarded as examples of secrecy.

Now that, in a small and grotesque shape, is the whole story of England after Emancipation. People first for-

bade Catholics to do anything in public. Then they accused them of doing everything in private. Then they allowed them the modern secular vote, which really is secret; but forbade them the ancient popular procession, which is not. Then for a long time they allowed them to vote privately as citizens, but forbade them to parade publicly as Catholics. Then, very late and indeed quite lately, they allowed them to come out into the open, in the full sense of coming out into the street. And when they eagerly seized the opportunity to be open, and did come out into the street, they were told that their display of themselves was insolent and indecent. They told Catholics that they were usurpers in public life and in public thoroughfares. But they never left off telling them that they were conspirators inhabiting secret crypts and cellars. The world first locked them up, then let them loose, then abused them for having been let loose, and still never left off abusing them for being locked up. By way of a final touch, it told them at intervals that they were not permitted to use their reason.

After Catholic Emancipation, for some considerable time, the public impression of the compromise stood somewhat thus. It was agreed that the Catholics should become citizens, on condition that the citizens did not become Catholics. It was regarded, in some strange way, as unfair or ungrateful that they should even wish to spread their religious convictions, as they were now free to spread their political convictions.

Some resisted Catholic Emancipation by saying, just as if it were an accusation, that Catholics thought Catholicism was true and hoped that the truth would spread. Some, even more strangely, actually defended Catholic Emancipation on the ground that no Catholic would ever try to make his own religion spread. All other citizens, of all other religions, were recognized as having as much right to argue for their religion as for their politics. But many accepted Catholic Emancipation with a curious implication that Catholics were in some way pledged not to take Catholicism too seriously.

The world had received and absolved the Church as a dying superstition; and it was her graceful duty to die. Many even of those who supported Emancipation from just and generous motives, did really agree with Rogers about the religion of all sensible men; and it was hoped that Catholics were now in some secret manner, sensible men. And some have since really felt a sort of resentment that those who obviously ought to be sceptics in private have turned out to be enthusiasts in public. I believe this queer inconsistency has much to do with the recent reappearance of Protestant protest, the second fermentation of the old fanaticism.

When the great O'Connell first stood up as a lonely giant to fight for liberty, he was in the very largest sense a public man. He was always public even where he was the reverse of popular. He was called a demagogue; he was certainly a democrat; he was a mob-orator even without his mob. His arguments were appeals to simple and straightforward ideals; he was even in this way sentimental, but he was certainly not secretive.

As the leader was, so has been the march that he led.

If ever a persecuted religion recovered its status by perfectly plain and fair argument in the open, if ever a case was gradually made clear on its own merits, without any worldly motives to support it, with all the worldly motives against it, it was so in the case of the reasonable claims of Catholicism.

So far from not using our reason, we may say we have used nothing except reason; and scarcely anything that could be called persuasion. Men like Newman and Ward won the respect of profoundly prejudiced critics, in whom it was a reluctant respect for stark logic and staring sincerity.

There has never been anything odd about our public life, except that we wished we were allowed to make it more and more public. And yet after a hundred years of that public life, a friendly correspondent can write the letter I describe, asking if I do not know I am a conspirator, along with all my co-religionists. That is the riddle that always recurs; the riddle of broad daylight and the darkness that comprehended it not.

"Biography"

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

AS last December was y-cumen in, Paxton Hibben wrote me two urgent letters asking for an interview. I replied, telling him to come ahead; but on the day I wrote he died. He was writing a biography of Bryan, and had come across something I had written which vaguely disturbed him and made him uneasy; for in it I had related an incident which indicated that Bryan was a sincere man, not wholly given over to three-card monte. He could not rest, poor man, until he had argued me down and restored his own confidence in the essential evil of Christians. So you see that Hibben, in his blind way, was sincere himself; he really believed in the wickedness of the good.

He had made a ten-strike in his so-called "biography" of Beecher, because there are so many who are eager to believe that a Christian must be a hypocrite. He hated Beecher, not because he thought Beecher was a fraud, but because he thought Beecher was a Christian; and by gliding over the good in Beecher and beating the bass drum over what might be interpreted as bad, he produced a best-seller, reading like truth but altogether monstrous and incredible. He suspected Bryan of Christianity, too, and picked on him as the next hypocrite to be exposed.

There are other shades of this modern school of false biography, this school of distortion, and perhaps the various doctors of it are as sincere as Hibben. The favorite is the Freudian school. You cannot analyze your own complexes, or the complexes of your next-door neighbor, but of course you can analyze the complexes of any man whom trusting simpletons believe to be great; you can delve into his thoughts, drag his foul motives—they are nearly always foul, and based on sex—to the light, and have the laugh on the innocents.

The latest example is W. E. Woodward's "Meet General Grant." The innocents believe Grant to have been

a simple man who did not think very deeply and trusted in the good faith of men who betrayed him. Woodward, Freud-guided, is too shrewd for that; he knows unerringly all Grant's secret perversions, and can interpret him. And not only Grant, but all the men who came along Grant's way. Sherman does puzzle him, as my article on Bryan puzzled Hibben, and he spends two pages fighting with himself over that soldier's inconsistency. Sherman does not run true to form; "the incomprehensible Sherman," he says vexedly when he finds the General offering generous peace terms to the beaten Johnston. Sherman seems to have run so plain a course; he made a ruthless march through Georgia and the Carolinas; and now this conqueror, so hard in war, is merciful in peace. Woodward cannot account for it; he has never heard of such a thing before. Irritatedly he digs into Sherman's mind, and finally emerges triumphantly; Sherman's motive was "a desire to exhibit his power."

John Langdon-Davies is not satisfied to be the "biographer" of a single human being; he becomes the biographer of womankind. It is easy to explain woman. Her impelling motive, in all she does, is to attract the male, or to abase herself before him. In the Middle Ages, therefore, she either became a witch and enjoyed the foul delights of the Witches' Sabbath, or, from the same motive, entered a convent and turned Christ into a libertine lover. In modern times she enters the business world, but from the same motive—to cast herself into the company of men, Freud-impelled.

For five hundred years, come 1931, mankind has found Jeanne d'Arc a little difficult to explain. But modern all-wise delvers find her simplicity itself. She belonged to the cult of witchcraft. Witches were not broomstick-riders, sticking pins in cows and evoking storms; the laws against them were laws against actual sinners, making a cult of devil-worship and doing strange deeds when they observed the Witches' Sabbath, as voodoo-worshippers do in remote regions even today. "Hist, hist," whispered Mistress Hibbins to Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter"; "wilt thou go with us tonight? There will be a merry company in the forest; and I well-nigh promised the Black Man that comely Hester Prynne should make one." And so Jeanne d'Arc is comfortably explained; ticketed, docketed, cross-indexed and filed away. Why has mankind been puzzled over her, with strange awe, for five hundred years, when the omniscient twentieth century knows all about her?

Neither can it be that Washington was merely, as he was supposed to be for a hundred years, a good man. There must be something dirty about him, if one could only find it out; and one can. So "True George Washingtons" emerge year after year from the researches of the "biographers"; a Washington crazy for women in his early years, blasphemous in his later ones. This is the Washington who issued an order prohibiting his troops from using profanity; but it seems that he swore at the Battle of Monmouth when he found the treacherous Charles Lee carrying out his bargain with the British. "Swore?" A few details would be welcome; perhaps he went so far as to say "damn." It is incredible that there

could ever have lived a good man in the world; incredible, and yet, Mr. Biographer, it may have happened once or twice.

There is the school of "economic determinism," which means that all a man ever does is dictated by his appetite; and the stomachs of such men as John Hancock explain the whole American Revolution. Never was there a soul, only a stomach, or many stomachs.

How long, O Lord, how long? This school of "biography" came in with the twentieth century, and has lasted nearly thirty years. But it will not last forever. Fashions change. Though the "new biographers" do not know it, they themselves have revived, in a strange form, devil-worship and the Witches' Sabbath. As Carlyle said of anarchy, this new and senseless destructiveness "is not only destructive but self-destructive." Sham, claiming to burn up other things, inevitably ends in burning itself to death. The end of this one cannot be far off.

JAMAIS!

If you are over twenty, you may dream a dream forever
In the chambers of the flower-bordered night—
But you will never know again, not once again forever,
The young heart's, the deep heart's, the wild heart's delight.

The crystal music of the world may break your heart forever,
Or beauty gush against your eyes when early moons are fair—
But you may never crush again your lips upon white wonder,
The blue stars bursting in your blood—the red wind in your hair.

THOMAS BUTLER.

TRYST

I cannot see your face, and yet I know
That you are here beside me, and the sky
Enfolds the hills that all about us lie
Steeped in the ardor of the sun's warm glow.
New England hills! The singing hemlocks seem
To touch the summer clouds; while through the veil
Of moving leaves flung 'round the forest trail
We glimpse the waters of a restless stream.

I cannot hear your laughter, but we share
The joy and wonder of the green-clad way;
The sweet wild roses that so softly sway,
Stirred by a whisper of enchanted air.
New England valleys! Shadows deep that pass
Beneath the arching beauty of the trees;
A lark's clear song, poised on the hill-born breeze;
The lush, cool verdure of the meadow grass.

I cannot see your face, and yet I know
That you are here beside me as I tread
Familiar paths where lilies blossom red—
Where columbine and starry asters grow.
New England hills! . . . And though perhaps your eyes
May now see fairer things, and you may hear
Great songs, unheard, unknown to mortal ear,
In that mysterious place beyond the skies . . .
Yet I believe you love them none the less:
These beckoning heights you knew and loved so well—
The maple trees—the thrush's chiming bell—
The allurements of the friendly wilderness!

And so again today, when sunlight fills
The earth with quiet peace, shall you and I
Follow familiar trails that lead us high
Amid the beauty of New England hills.

CATHERINE PARMENTER.

A Gospel Parable and a Modern School

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J., Ph.D.

Fordham University School of Sociology and Social Service

THE Good Samaritan, I take it, was a business man. He has about him, in all that he does, the air of a practical man of business. Let us say he was a merchant from the great commercial center of Samaria.

Taking the Scripture parable out of its ancient Oriental setting, and giving it for its most modern background the terraced skyscrapers of New York, we shall have no difficulty in pointing out here how startlingly opportune its applications are.

But first let us look once more at the old, familiar story, as it came in all its beauty from the lips of Christ, almost two thousand years ago.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho, over which the Good Samaritan traveled, wound through a desert and very rocky tract. So the Jewish historian Josephus described it only a short time later. There were dark, narrow valleys and cavernous recesses, affording opportunities for robber bands who operated there.

That very day, on which our merchant had set out, it happened that a lone traveler, coming from Jerusalem, had been set upon by them, stripped, and left wounded and half dead among the rocks by the roadside.

As the day advanced two other travelers came along at different periods. They saw the poor human wreck, and left him lying without offering any help. Broadway would not have dealt with him in that way.

At last came also the Samaritan business man.

He recognized the victim as a Jew. For centuries unfriendly relations had existed between Jerusalem and Samaria. But in the mind of this alien merchant there was a true social sense. At his heart there was a deep compassion, sprung from his practical belief in God and human brotherhood. In his will there was a quick response to the religious realization of his social responsibility.

How did our Samaritan business man set about solving his own practical problem?

He employed two methods.

The first consisted in giving his own personal service, by *offering*, as we should say, expert "first aid." Skilled in the methods of his day, he poured oil and wine into the wounds, and then bound them up. He next used his beast of burden to bear the stranger to the nearest inn, where he took personal care of him, staying over night.

There is a businesslike preparedness and precision about the man which engages our attention only less than his fine religious spirit. He is truly "neighbor" to the man who fell among the robbers, considering only his social need.

So far the first part of his solution, which is plain to all. Now the second, which is of special importance to us here.

It consisted in engaging a paid social worker.

And the next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said: Take care of him; and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee (Luke x, 35).

What has here been translated as "pence" was the Roman coin known as the silver *denarius*. It was the recognized standard for a day's wages. What the Samaritan, therefore, gave his social case-worker was a standard two days' wage, with the promise to reimburse him also for whatever expenses might be incurred.

It is no more possible for the modern business man, than for his brother from Samaria, to suspend beyond measure his legitimate business for the sake of personal charity work, most laudable though this certainly is in itself. Yet he, too, can by this means make possible the labors of charity performed by others in his stead, while his personal charity work may largely consist in sponsoring worthy causes.

As a competent business man the Good Samaritan of the Gospel fully grasped this situation as it applied to his own case. With a business man's promptness of decision he engaged his professional social worker, whose task it should be to do for the unfortunate stranger what the merchant himself, had the tables been turned, should have wished that others might do for him.

Coming now more closely to our own complex civilization, we realize that we have here countless social cases of the most urgent kind that call not merely for ordinary assistance, but for the expert application of the trained social worker, prepared by a solid Christian education to deal with them adequately.

That is the reason for the need of the Catholic social school as well as of the Christian social worker.

The Gospel account gives us an instance of what in modern terminology would be called "case work." Patient, prudent, painstaking service given to individual or family cases is the principal occupation of the social worker. Although group work also falls to his share, yet "case work" particularly abounds in any large city.

We evidently cannot wait for the coming of some Good Samaritan to interest himself in each of these urgent "cases." Yet they exist, and often demand most instant and serious attention, not merely for the sake of the individual in distress, but not seldom for the good of society as well.

There is no telling what poisons may spread through the social organism by allowing such festering sores to remain unattended upon the body politic. Perhaps a slight help given in time may prevent a great harm.

Advice, assistance, protection, or legal aid may be needed. A hand reached out in time may help to save many a man or woman from ultimate moral or physical disaster. Many a family may be preserved intact by the opportune visit of the agent of Christian charity.

The ideal trained social worker is a guide familiar with all available sources of help already created to meet emergencies that may occur. He is a true friend who introduces the stranger to the customs of a new land. He is a faithful counselor skilled to penetrate the difficulties of those relying on him and to solve them. He is the social physician who allays in time the irritations in the social body that might eventually break out in open vice, crime, or social disorders of every kind. He is the expert who by intercourse with many people, by insight into character and by wide information on the social situation can successfully adjust the individual to his environment. He is the Christ-like mentor to whom many of those who have already fallen into the hands of the law can perhaps still be committed that by brotherly assistance and direction he may set their feet once more on the path of justice and love, inspiring them with new and higher ideals.

Surely these are great things that we demand of the social worker, but for that very reason he must have the best preparation in religious principles, no less than in practical social wisdom, such as thorough Catholic social education can give him.

As the Church conceives of this work it comes next to that total consecration to God, and to humanity for the sake of God, which priest and Religious make of themselves. Hence the paramount need of the Catholic social school where a true preparation for such a vocation can be given in the spirit here described.

By the promotion and endowment of such a school the modern Good Samaritan is supplying the field of charity with the class of workers most greatly needed in every section. He knows how impossible it would be for him to attend in person at the juvenile court, in the prison, the hospital, the homes of the poor and afflicted, by the bedside where death has bereft the mother of her only support, or to follow up with patient perseverance the thousand and one emergencies and opportunities that present themselves to the zealous social worker, formed according to the Heart of Christ. Yet, like the Good Samaritan of the Gospel, the business man of today, too, can have his substitute to carry on these tasks for him.

Education in a Catholic school is intended to fit the worker for State or public, as well as for Catholic or other private social work.

It is clear, then, that men and women who undertake so delicate a responsibility as that of the social agent should be carefully trained for their high calling. They need maturity of judgment as well as wide information, and true Christian wisdom to deal with the complex problems of human life that continually confront them in ever new forms.

Not merely are they dealing with men and women as we find them in ordinary life, but often with abnormal characters, under abnormal circumstances, that call for the utmost discernment and judicious intelligence. The most difficult problems of child welfare are entrusted to them, and the future opportunities of these little ones are largely placed in their hands, for better or worse.

We realize, therefore, the high task set for the Catholic social service school, and the social-mindedness and religious spirit of the men and women who lend it their support.

Unfortunately social organizations themselves have often failed to give a practical recognition to social training, by failing to bestow the adequate financial remuneration which alone can warrant such an education. This leads me to touch on another point which should not be passed over, but needs to be brought to public notice. It regards the wages of the social worker.

There is frequently a false and pernicious impression that the noble and heroic Christian men and women who devote themselves to social labors should be contented with as small a salary as can possibly be given them, simply because they are working in the field of charity. The Good Samaritan had no such baneful delusions. In turning over his social "case" to the paid agent he gave him at once the full wage accorded to any other worker for an honest day's work.

There is consequently more social progressiveness in this Scripture parable than is generally shown in our own supposedly progressive age.

I have advisedly said that it is a "pernicious" policy to underpay the social worker. He must receive at least the same salary that is given to any other class of workers who require the same education and perform an equivalent service. This has, too often, not been the case in the past.

Such a policy is pernicious because it lowers the entire status of this most important calling. It prevents young men and women with the proper educational qualifications from entering this field. It leaves some of the most responsible, delicate and difficult tasks to be carried out by inadequately trained and indifferently qualified agents. It is calculated, in fine, to drain this "profession" of the most competent members, since social workers, too, are human, with families to support or their own future maintenance to provide for.

We need high-grade, apostolic Catholic men and women, fitted by intellectual as well as moral qualities, to undertake this mission. There is a true demand for workers here, whereas other fields, such as the teaching profession, are overcrowded.

Although financially alluring positions are not wanting, yet the salary question presents at this moment the main difficulty. Fair salaries will increase the possibilities of educational preparation, and this in turn will raise the external status and intrinsic value of the social worker.

But what here primarily concerns us is the need of a religious basis for this most Christian of undertakings. Religion should be the very soul of it all. Without religion the social worker can realize but a fraction of his mighty possibilities. Hence, once more, we see the overwhelming need of the Catholic school of social welfare.

Social literature and social textbooks, as the reader well knows, are often filled with erroneous and un-Christian teachings and principles. The most perverse doctrines and practices are not seldom inculcated in social

schools and circles. It is, therefore, above all things important that the Catholic social worker receive his education in a Catholic social-welfare school. Our own Catholic charities, too, must be supplied with trained social executives and agents who have been trained in the spirit of Christ to devote their whole time to this service.

For all these reasons we need the fully equipped and adequately staffed Catholic school. This, however, as experience has hitherto shown, can hardly be self-supporting. It calls for an endowment which can place it upon a scientific equality with the best secular institutions, superadding the most important of all requisites—the "one thing necessary."

The Modern Good Samaritan, therefore, combining within himself the business tact, social sense, and religious spirit of the business man in the Gospel, can here make his own application. *De te fabula*. The parable is about him.

But one final caution must be conscientiously given: no Catholic social-welfare school should be founded without first carefully studying the opportunities it can assure its students.

In the East, Fordham University and the Catholic University have pioneered the way. The graduates of these Schools of Sociology and Social Service have been eagerly employed by social agencies of all sorts. They, like Oliver Twist, demand more.

At first glance the glittering Mary Garden and Benjamino Gigli seem far removed from the dreary business of case work. Fordham has invited them to it, for it must have that endowment so essential to continue its work of proven value, a least half a million dollars. Mary Garden and Gigli have given their voices for a great concert at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 15 for the school. But there is room for other Samaritans.

CODICIL

You will remember these when I am dead:
The tortured pen that only I could use,
My battered desk whose thin veneer had led
An uncomplaining life of burn and bruise.

My writing pad and blotter gone insane
With patterns twitched from nerves. But lifting bare
Before all these, their body and their brain,
You will behold my still expectant chair.

You will recall, some quiet night of stars,
That I dreamed deeply of an older day,
When men went down to death like avatars
With all their instruments of love and play.

You will recall how I had begged you then
To bury me with my four things. No locks
Will stop me now. I will come back again,
Grisly and pale, out of my breathless box.

You will awaken hearing with despair
The tireless scratching of a nervous pen,
The endless creaking of an empty chair,
And you will know that I am back again.

C. T. LANHAM.

Sociology

When a Man's a Man

JOHN WILTBYE

PLACED on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* of my youthful days, "Huck Finn" is one of the supports of my declining years. (Let no Freudian indulge in limping logic. I was also forbidden to pick up apples that had no visible owner—but this suppressed desire of mine does not now cause me to stalk unguarded orchards in the dark of the moon.) And among my favorite passages is that in which Nigger Jim, after proving that a Frenchman is a man, demands to know why he does not talk like a man.

The picture flashed across my mind a few weeks ago as I was smoking my bed-time pipe, curled up in a corner of a Pullman. Two fellow-travelers, discussing labor problems, brought it back. Well-set-up fellows in the early 'forties, they exuded an air of success. Each was built on the model of the chap you see in the advertisements, who because he took a course in a correspondence school, has been summoned by the General Manager for promotion and a raise of \$100 per month. One was a Steel Man, I gathered, and on his lapel I noted the tiny gold insignia of a Catholic society. The other was a Rubber Man. He, too, was a joiner, as his Masonic pin indicated.

"It's a great plant," concluded Steel.

"But what's your labor supply?" asked Rubber.

"No trouble at all. Mexicans."

"H'm," mused Rubber. "Can those fellows work?"

"I'll say they can," rejoined Steel. "Of course, you've got to knock 'em down now and then. Got to make 'em know who's boss."

"Yes?" invited Rubber.

"Yes, I'll say so. Probably you have the idea they can't work. Most people have. But they can work in a heat that would topple a nigger over. Longer hours, too. Of course, you have to climb up their frames ever so often. They don't fight back. No union either. They never heard of one. They live on almost nothing, and you don't have to pay 'em much. They wouldn't know what to do with it, if you did. Of course, they move off or die. But there are plenty of others, if you know how to get 'em."

"Fine," said Rubber.

They parted, and I went into the vestibule, and peered out at the hell-like glare in the sky cast by the mill districts through which we were passing. And I thought of Huck Finn and Nigger Jim, drifting down the weary Mississippi on a raft nearly a hundred years ago. "Ain't a Frenchman a man, Huck? Well, den, why doan't he talk like a man? You answer me dat!"

Is a Mexican a man? Well, then, why don't you treat him like a man? You tell me! Because, apparently, a Mexican is a thing which because it can live on almost nothing, need not be paid much.

I am wondering if this is not the attitude of many consumers of labor today, and I use "consumers" of

set purpose. Steel's idea was that a worker was a kind of machine, and Rubber agreed. Nothing human entered into the concept. The worker was a cheap machine, but effective. He was an ideal machine, in fact, because he cost less than bolts and cogs and cams, and could be more easily replaced. He had no family. Machines are not viviparous, or even oviparous. One need not take pity on them—of course, one might feel, and even express, a certain affection (after the third bottle) for a good ol' Rolls-Royce that by fine performance had delivered one from the pursuing clutches of a prohibition agent. But one need not be concerned about the eight little Rolls-Royces, and whether they had enough to eat, or what would be their future. The worker and his family fall into a similar category. You buy them in the open market, and hammer down the price. When they "move off or die" you buy others. Good cheap machines they are, too. And that's the end of the matter.

I turn to my Leo XIII, and wonder why Steel wore the badge of a Catholic society. Am I an old fossil, a moss-back, hopelessly reactionary? Why, even some journals, with news from all the parishes, think it improper to criticize mercantile associations which invite factories to their towns on the lure of no labor organizations and low wages. And some—may an all-patient God have mercy on their journalistic souls—deem it right to soft-pedal this talk about working children for sixty hours per week in cotton mills—and at night, too.

From the hills of Rome, from the watch tower on the Vatican, come words of comfort. Of comfort? Rather of warning, which a rapacious economic system has not heeded.

Hence by degrees it has come to pass that workingmen have been surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition.

The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless, under a different guise, but with the like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men.

To this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a very few individuals; so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay on the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself.

Lest I be accused of Bolshevism, I hasten to add that these quotations are taken verbatim from the Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII, "On the Condition of the Working Classes."

So, too, are these:

Religion teaches the wealthy owner and the employer that their work-people are not to be accounted their bondsmen; that in every man they must respect his dignity and worth as a man and as a Christian . . . that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power. . . .

. . . Wealthy owners and all masters of labor should be mindful of this—that to exercise pressure upon the indigent and destitute for the sake of gain, and to gather one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and Divine. To defraud anyone of wages that are his due is a crime that cries to the avenging anger of Heaven. *Behold the hire of the laborers . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth aloud; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth* (St. James, v, 4). . . .

And in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops or factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently developed. For just as very rough weather destroys the buds of Spring, so does too early an experience of life's hard toil blight the young promise of a child's faculties, and render any true education impossible.

Women, again, are not suited for certain occupations; a woman is by nature fitted for home work, and it is that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty and to promote the good bringing up of children and the well-being of the family.

In all agreements between masters and workers, there is always the condition, expressed or understood, that there should be allowed proper rest for soul and body. To agree in any other sense would be against what is right and just; for it can never be just or right to require on the one side, or to promise on the other, the giving up of those duties which a man owes to his God and himself.

Let Steel ponder these passages and practise what they preach, or take off his Catholic badge. He probably bristles at the ravings of a rantipole like Heflin. His own are worse.

Education

A Mirror for Teachers

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THERE is a well-known proverb, older than Aesop, which teaches that it is futile—or hazardous?—to teach one's grandmother how to suck eggs.

Permeated with veneration for the wisdom of the ages, I would not question that teaching. But let us suppose that the venerable lady, sensing the efficiency methods of this newer age, applies for information?

Then we have the very interesting situation which came under my notice a few days ago.

For some years one of our larger colleges for men has encouraged its Student Council to be more than a name. With a wisdom which does them credit, the faculty heads have concluded that what the students think about them is a factor in college government.

Encouraged by this receptive attitude, the Student Council appointed a Committee of Five on Student Initiative. A few weeks ago, this Committee submitted its report with the following letter to the Dean:

Since it is the stated policy of the College to encourage co-operative criticism by the student body, the Student Council believed that it would be helpful to direct an investigation into the possibilities of promoting the prime objective of college training—solid and thorough scholarship. The findings of our Committee on Student Initiative, appointed for this inquiry, are herewith respectfully submitted for the consideration of the Faculty.

Noting that these young men do not list athletic prowess as the prime objective of the modern college, I, in my turn, submit the report as a kind of examination of conscience.

"In accordance with the desire of the Student Council that ways and means toward the promotion of scholarship be investigated, the Committee presents the following report.

I

"We believe that the first accomplishment necessary to intensify the spirit of study consists in forming a

proper attitude in the student body. Particularly to be combated are the notions that the end of the school is attained through material assets, through the prestige of its athletics or extra-curricular activities, or through any other non-essential accessory of its existence. Means should be taken to bring home to all the necessity of trained intelligence both for the success of the individual and for the achievement of the ideals not only of the College, but of the Church. The scholarship advocated, it must be emphasized, should not be arid and aristocratic but, on the contrary, socially practical. The following recommendations are made:

"1. Those who lead in their respective classes at the semester should receive honorable distinction at the assembly.

"2. The plan of presenting a cup or other award to leaders is to be commended.

"3. A plan whereby students of high standing will be exempt from semester examinations should be considered.

"4. An honorary scholastic fraternity should be established as soon as possible.

"5. A system of prizes for the best work in the *Monthly* should be considered.

"6. Fraternities might give recognition to pledges of high scholastic standing by exempting them from certain duties, and, possibly, by awarding a pin to the leader in their Freshman group."

II

"As a complement to the above, which are intended to foster the general feeling for scholastic attainment, the following suggestions toward efficiency in the concrete are offered:

"1. Students, particularly freshmen, should be segregated into classes according to their varying ability, as far as this is possible.

"2. Professors would do well to form the attitude of their students toward a realization of the ideals and advantages of college power and culture. Professors could advantageously give practical directions on study habits, correlate other subjects to their own, and indicate their use in ordinary life. *Professors who make themselves accessible to their students outside of class are to be commended*, but the Committee realizes that other claims on their time make this, in some cases, impossible.

"3. Textbooks should be definitely of college grade. The use of texts intended for the lower grades does not stimulate the student to interested effort; the use of texts intended for graduate work, or of texts too long for the course, makes it impossible for the student to get a grasp on the subject.

"4. Careful and definite preparation for class on the part of professors is greatly to be commended. It is highly desirable that professors bring some new matter to their students every day. The practice of repeating the same matter for from two to four (or even more) classes is exceedingly boring to those who have already assimilated it.

"5. Professors should not talk down to the worst students. If attention were directed to the upper half of the class, the lower half would be obliged to raise their

standing or register for less advanced work. Either alternative would be beneficial to scholarship.

"6. Interest would be stimulated if professors avoided the habit of calling on the same students all the time.

"7. The waste of class periods in lengthy discussions should be constantly checked, especially when the point at issue is not important, or only tangent to the course.

"8. Definite preparation should be required of students for each class, and students should be expected to bring the rudiments of intelligence on the subject to be considered. Questioning on the preparation, at the beginning of class, would be helpful in securing this end.

"9. Assignments should be definite. Frequent written work should be required. This should be reasonable in length, and a reasonable time allowed for preparation. All work should be collected on the day specified, although inflexibility on this point, when there is some excuse for failure to observe it, is apt to produce unnecessary bad feeling.

"10. The practice of furnishing mimeographed copies of questions to direct and stimulate study and requiring written answers is highly indorsed as a method of assignment.

"11. Professors should make certain of the students' assimilation of the course by frequent tests. Examinations should be carefully supervised to eliminate the evils of copying.

"12. Professors should keep a close supervision over the preparation of term papers so as to obviate the "last night" method.

"13. All work should be returned with directive criticism.

"14. Professors should give definite references in library work. Referring students to very advanced works is to be discouraged.

"15. Neither high nor low grades should be distributed promiscuously.

"16. Classes should meet and dismiss promptly, and should meet and last the full time prescribed in the schedule."

Possibly some grave and reverend members of the Faculty may note a certain tone of acerbity in these recommendations, most unbecoming in fledglings instructing their grandmothers. If so, I am informed on good authority, that no offense was meant. The chairman of the Committee, who drew up the report, himself fell victim to a minor degree of stage fright when he saw his work in print. "He is afraid," I am informed, "that the recommendations are 'too dictatorial,' and he realizes that individuals who feel that too much expression of opinion is allowed to students may take offense at them. It was not the mind of the Committee to advise the professors, but, rather, to commend practices which the students thought good."

But it is well to see ourselves as others see us. Perhaps this straightforward and somewhat naive report may serve the earnest teacher as a mirror in which he may behold the little blemishes as well as the indications of his professional beauty and attractiveness. In that spirit I submit it.

With Scrib and Staff

THE indefatigable Lenoire, chronicler of all the secrets of Parisian alleys, attics and palaces, tells of a quaint shop that someone discovered in the days of the French Revolution, "the strangest shop in France." It was a parchment dealer's shop. There, in an immense cupboard, were collected three thousand old manuscript sermons. One was at hand for every need; and the young preacher had but to select what, in his particular instance, would make up for a sudden lack of inspiration.

I have heard it said—at least the Princess told me that she had heard a friend of hers say it was rumored—that some aid of that sort may at times be available to anxious preachers even at the present day. But ready-made discourses, poor stuff enough in the pulpit, are of still less use when the practical problems of a modern American parish have to be faced.

The plan for a course in Pastoral Sociology or Parish Activities, to be instituted this summer at the University of Notre Dame, seems to be based on the idea that, just as the task of preaching demands some sort of special preparation, over and above that of theology, so, too, special preparation is needed for certain practical tasks. The announcement of the course declares:

It is said that pastors frequently observe that the newly ordained priest is inadequately equipped for conducting certain of the parish activities considered necessary today. He finds it difficult to organize and direct the recreation of the children of the parish, to cooperate intelligently with the policies and programs of a St. Vincent de Paul Society or even with his diocesan director of Catholic Charities. Again, when placed in charge of a parochial school, he at times exhibits a lack of knowledge of school administration, or if placed in a rural parish the young priest, frequently city-bred, feels that there is little that he can do. Bishops have brought this problem to the attention of some of the seminaries, and as a result a short course in the elements of sociology has recently been crowded into some of the seminary curricula. The time allotted to these courses is usually altogether too limited. In view of the situation described it is felt that the Notre Dame Summer School is now in a position to lend considerable assistance.

In other words, Parish Sociology has come to be a recognized need. Just as we have learned the need of pastoral theology in order to deal with special problems of individuals—moral, mental, physical—so today various groups, especially organized groups, have special needs—moral, mental and physical—which cannot be dealt with by rule of thumb, by instinct, or even by personal tradition from one pastor to another. A carefully-worked-out plan of parish libraries, like that being undertaken at present by the New York N. C. C. W. needs intelligent cooperation if it is to succeed.

There is no cupboard at hand whence to pull out a parchment to fit the case, for instance, when called upon to organize and conduct a St. Vincent de Paul Society in harmony with the Diocesan Director of Charities and the County Board; or to visit and superintend, intelligently, the parish school; or to handle the young people's recreation problem in a rural community. Even parish bookkeeping—not a grace of state infused at ordination—would be much less trying if properly prepared for.

WITH a school of Parish Sociology as a basis of operations, many of the most valuable applications of the lessons there taught can be learned by actual practice, under proper guidance, in the field. Such an opportunity is afforded by the religious vacation schools which, under the auspices of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, are being put into effect in thousands of rural parishes where parish schools are not yet established. "One must remember," says Father Eugene O'Hara, the originator and apostle of these schools, "that while there are 18,000 Catholic churches in the United States there are only about 8,000 parochial schools."

The N. C. W. C. News Service announces:

Plans for the opening of sixty religious vacation schools in the missionary dioceses of the South and Southwest were made at a meeting of officials of the Catholic Rural Life Conference held here yesterday. These schools, sessions of which will be held chiefly during the month of July, will be conducted in accordance with the system established in the northern dioceses, where there are now many hundreds in session annually.

The schools are to be established in the missionary dioceses, from one to four in each diocese, at the request of their respective Bishops. Fifty religious vacation schools already have been requested in these missionary dioceses and the Conference has funds sufficient for ten more. Local communities will arrange the place for the holding of the schools and the assembling of the children. The funds of the Catholic Rural Life Conference will be used exclusively to pay the expenses of the teachers employed.

Religious instruction chiefly will be given, including Catechism, Church History and the Lives of the Saints. There will be at least two teachers to each school and these mostly will be members of Religious Orders, although some lay teachers and seminarians are being recruited. There will also be some recreational and health work done by the classes.

This will mark the first participation of the South and the Southwest in the religious vacation school movement.

Students of the seminaries have long been particularly interested in the vacation schools, and have met with remarkable success in conducting them, as well as finding, in some instances, a solution of the vexed problem of the seminarian's summer vacation. Volunteers have already been received from many seminaries, notably, St. Paul's, Minneapolis; St. Thomas, Denver; St. Patrick's, Menlo Park, Calif., and Kenrick, St. Louis.

NOT every pastor needs, not every pastor is in a position to improve the living conditions of his people. But where both the need and the ability exist, people are inspired by a man who has the courage to meet the situation "head-on," and conquer.

Such was Father Cuyllits, pastor of the manufacturing community of Cureghem, in Belgium, who died November 3, 1928, being known as the "Pastor of Shanties." His description, in unvarnished language, of the conditions that he found, in 1913, in the workingmen's lodgings in his neighborhood—filthy homes of hundreds of thousands of unhappy creatures—made a sensation. Our readers, I fear, are too polite to bear with quotations from his reports. "If the Government wants to build schools like palaces," exclaimed the Abbé, as he returned from one of his innumerable excursions to the holes and

corners of underground Brussels, "well and good! But why should the child learn in a palace, when both parents and children are living in a pig sty?"

As a solution he proposed improved workingmen's lodgings, so that "workingmen with low salaries should have the opportunity and the ease to buy them on a monthly-payment plan which should not require more than one-tenth of their average salary."

His plans were partly realized, but could only be a start for his successors to build upon.

WE have in this country many pastors with the spirit of the Abbé Cuyllits, and who deal with problems akin, if not alike to his. But in Cuyllits' case there was one feature, which we do not so easily parallel. The "Pastor of Shanties" inspired the young men of his community to go out themselves, and grapple with the local problems, both spiritual and social. He was an active spirit in the formation of the famous "J. O. C.," the Belgian Association of Young Christian Workmen, which has taken by storm the Belgian industrial centers—honeycombed and sodden with infidelity and immorality—winning by its utter fearlessness. "You have got to have brass," he told them, "when you enter the factories. You mustn't be afraid of blows. My idea of a true apostle is a man who is ready to take a thrashing for Christ's sake. That kind will never desert."

WHAT is still more noteworthy is that, once the courage of these young men was aroused to combat the appalling evils in which their own lot was cast, they were up and ready to go further, and extend the hand to others worse off than themselves. In recent times the Belgian "J. O. C." has established affiliated associations in the different mission countries that are frequented by Belgian missionaries, in order to interest themselves in the problems of the European colonies and the native workmen. The sweat-shop laborer or the peonized native worker in China or Africa has a fervent handshake from the Belgian Catholic workingman to encourage him.

IN having the course in Parish Sociology on its own campus, instead of at a seminary, Notre Dame University is recognizing that the Catholic college is the natural meeting ground of priest and layman for the problems that concern them both.

An increased demand for trained workers in welfare agencies and probation and parole work is felt. To meet this Fordham has provided a two-year course for social workers with shorter special courses. The Wisconsin Sodality Convention, which met at Marquette University on March 25 for the study of spiritual leadership, and the Catholic Student Conference on Religious Activities, which was held on February 22 at Loyola University, Chicago, have both given young men the opportunity to whet their minds on some of our social problems.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Poetry and Pie

MARGARET KNIGHTFIELD

MY dear Young Poet: When I saw your delicately chiseled quatrain supporting a column of prose in yesterday's AMERICA, I had a moment of sincere pleasure for you, followed by a quarter of an hour's reflection on your probable course, now that you have (taken the plunge, I was going to say, but as the critics' soundings announce that the waters of Catholic poetry are not running deep at present) now that you have waded into the pool. If I have to confess that my pleasure was quickened by a complacency in seeing that it was the one I had selected of your manuscript poems to be submitted to the editor that made the grade—the first almost imperceptibly rising slope of Parnassus—well—it was immediately followed by the reaction, my tongue in my cheek: one is a better judge of another's stuff than of her own.

After several years of writing, off and on, I begin to think that Matthew Arnold should have said, not that poetry is a criticism of life, but that the writing of it is a self-criticism. In predicting a course of self-discipline for you, basing your prospects on my retrospects, I am leaving myself open to the fate of a false prophet. But even that may have its amenities: you will be stoning me with your own poems.

I hope that you have been able to beg, steal, or permanently borrow a typewriter since you wrote me. The typewriter, I find, is first aid to poets. My portable Remington is known as Cuthbert, Jr., or simply as Junior, in affectionate remembrance of a battered-up old machine my husband brought home from the office to pound out his letters on, long before the publication of my first poem gave him the idea—on the expectation that one swallow does make a summer—of giving me this handy little one the next Christmas, on the installment plan.

Words which look so warmly living in the familiar idiosyncrasies of one's own handwriting have a way, at times, of looking up wanly from the cold type, suggesting that the thought was anemic. However, if your stuff—pardon, your poetry—gets by the typewriter and the editor, you may still find that the "black draught" of printer's ink itself can be bitterly tonic, as I had occasion to know lately in chancing on my first little poem, copied in a diocesan weekly. Across my instant gratification ran a streak of self-criticism; I would not write it just that way, now.

But perhaps the fact that I had lately re-read Lascelles Abercrombie's "Theory of Poetry," reducing its scale to the measure of my own practice, had something to do with that. If you haven't read this book, do; frankly, I found it rather stiff going when I read it first, a few years ago. Used recently as a measuring rod of comprehension, I was secretly delighted to find that my short experience as a practising poet was built on its laws, even if, simultaneously, I realized afresh that for those of us who make our little poems at the feet of the giants

whose work elucidates the theory to the *n*th degree, poetry-writing is an occupation falling within the definition A. Edward Newton quotes in one of his delectable book-collecting essays: a hobby is being busy about something unimportant.

You will find as you go along—and now that you have begun, you will never stop till spondees cease from troubling and dactyls are at rest—that the critic, in the dual personality of critic and “maker,” is usually underdog. Its advice is of that quality the English call “staircase wit,” that *esprit d'escalier* which suggests to the dinner guest, only as he is going down the stairs, all the good things he might have said at dinner: the critic waits to speak until all but the last corner of the manuscript envelope is in the mail box.

Even the mail box may act as first aid to poets. Subjectively a poet, one may, from time to time, fish from a mental pocket that little tip of British minting handed to American Catholic writers of verse by John Ayscough several years ago in the pages of the *Catholic World*. “Piety,” he said, “is not poetry.” I pass it along to you. After fingering it meditatively, turn it over on your palm, and read what I have scratched on the obverse of the medal: “Is poetry piety?” For my part I think it is, no matter how bad the “poetry.” This is a melancholy confirmation of Abercrombie’s double-edged dictum: “The poet has just as much matter as he has art to convey it . . . for if the matter does not arrive, there is no art.”

“If there be any praise of discipline,” you will find plenty of it in the contemplation of this little pocket-piece, not least in those times, when, happily, thought and expression coincide with the editor’s likings. And after you have seen one or two of your verses on religious themes in print, don’t toss it over your shoulder with a gesture of finality. Presently, you will be crawling around, hunting for it, on your hands and knees.

Objectively, however, poetry-writing is a game of battledore and shuttlecock (to steal a phrase of Lowell’s to a constant correspondent) between yourself and the editor, your friends cheering on the side lines, and the mail box your point of service in a contest whose first principle is to keep the missile in the air, and whose second is not to send as good as you get, but better. Let this be your motto: “Never say die; if the editor can stand it, so can I!” And if, as inevitably will happen, you feel like chucking the game, as well on his account as your own, you must steel yourself to endurance by the reflections (but here we are back to the subjective) that “without labor there is no coming to rest,” and that one must work with the “talent” given her, and that, presently, nourished by their own cuttings, your “cropped grasses will shoot another head” of more sturdy growth.

Aiding and abetting these other first aids to a healthy poetic atmosphere is the advice generously, if also somewhat irreverently and irrelevantly, offered by one’s own “Critic on the Hearth.” Acquire him as soon as you can—indispensably one who, not writing verse himself, is filled up to the brim with that of the “old fellows,” one who chants the “Ode to the West Wind” in his

bath, and is known to be feeling most cheerful when sighing out Henley’s “The ways of death are soothing and serene.” And let him also be hard to move to appreciation of modern religious poetry, quietly and unobtrusively preferring the Psalms. Then you are set for a battle royal. The most powerful stimulant to the idle thoughts of an idle poet in those flat times when you are sure you are never going to write another line is to argue about poetry. But here, my dear college girl, be warned: be sure you pick a husband who *will* argue.

Mine says I would rather argue than eat. He should know, after twenty-five years. Picking up one of our Catholic magazines from the porch table one afternoon this last summer, I read a paragraph in which the editor urged our young men writers to forget Keats and turn their energies to writing the lives of the Saints. That started me off. While I was expounding to my husband that there was no need to forget the one to do the other; hadn’t Carl Sandburg written what is, in some of its aspects, the most illuminating life of Lincoln? and didn’t Matthew Arnold say of Keats, “chief among those who seem to have been formed in the school of Shakespeare,” that his “exquisite genius and pathetic death render him forever interesting”? and does he not present notable evidence of the circumstance that since Chaucer, with the exception of Francis Thompson, the children of the Household have been left to pick up the crumbs from the strangers’ tables? and if Keats had been a Catholic, devoted to Notre Dame de la Merci instead of “La Belle Dame sans Merci.” . . . he inquired in his meekest voice, and with his most deprecating air, “When do we eat?”

Again, last night, when I was making plain to him that the reason why women have never written great poetry is that, in the days when epics were sung, it was no job for a woman to be tramping around from camp to camp, and from hall to hall, with her lyre slung over her shoulder, he cut in:

“Gosh! That would have put Walter Scott to it for a rhyme. ‘The way was long, the way was cold, The Minstrel was infirm and old, Her withered cheek and tresses gray, Seemed to have known a better day; The Harp, her sole remaining . . . (her sole remaining *what*) Was carried by an orphan girl’—one would have to preserve the proprieties and be properly chaperoned—girl: burl, churl, curl, earl, furl, hurl . . . merle, purl, pearl, swirl, twirl.”

He was beginning on the prefixes, “uncurl, unfurl” of this homemade thesaurus, when I took the wheel again: “And of course she couldn’t be expected to write when she couldn’t read; and that if Mrs. Browning’s ‘If thou must love me, let it be for naught Except for love’s sake only, Do not say, ‘I love her for her smile—her look—her way . . . For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought, may be unwrought, so . . .’ is only well said against the imperishably said ‘Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments. Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds . . .’ it is because she is in the vanguard of women writers; and if, perforce, New-

man was thinking of no woman poet when he spoke of those lines, 'the birth of some morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills' . . . and, altogether, if there has been no classic woman poet . . ."

"Woman!" he interrupted, with pityingly benevolent gesture. "You have an inferiority complex. What about Mother Goose?" and strolled off to put on his Orthophonic, Debussy's *Reflets sur l'eau*, leaving me exposed to the chief of a poet's heresies: that music is the greater art.

And, finally, my dear girl, if you would bring yourself to a self-discipline increasing with your years as a poet, let your critic have a taste for pie, increasing with your years as a cook, and let you rashly swear in his presence that you will never write a line of poetry again.

"Bet you one of your apple pies you will be doing it in a week!"

Before two days, being a good sport, you will make a pie: flaky crust; tart apples; just enough sugar; blobs of butter; cinnamon and nutmeg; good hot oven to start, cooled to finish. "Mother!" says your critic of a husband, with a quite unconscious cruelty of intonation, "you *can* make pie!"

REVIEWS

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. By JOSEPH REDLICH. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

Although the author refers to this work as a biography, he must be conscious of the fact that it is so called only because a better term of classification is lacking. It is certainly not the romantic or psychological biography which is so much in vogue; nor at the same time, is it a cold, impersonal chronicle of events. The author is a professor of constitutional law at the University of Vienna and an active member of Parliament. He is therefore, interested in the Emperor as such, chiefly because of the influence which Francis Joseph exerted on the general history, the institutions of the State, and the special problems which marked his long reign. There is no intimate gossip, no Hollywood romance, no revelation of well-guarded secrets in this account. When Dr. Redlich speaks of Francis Joseph, the man, he does so always with respect for his personality and esteem for his character. Yet he does not idealize his subject. The failings, the intellectual shortcomings of the Emperor are not glossed over, though every personal reference is marked by a scholarly restraint. If he criticizes, one feels that at the same time, he is half-tempted to worship. In only one case does Dr. Redlich lose patience with the Emperor, that in which Benedek was allowed to be made the scapegoat for the sins of Austria. He does not presume to explain or excuse the hard title of "bloody tyrant," which Francis Joseph had to bear from the Hungarians; but he does show the Emperor's progress through a period of unpopularity to almost universal public favor and at the end of his life even loving esteem from his people. The Emperor has fared well at the hands of Dr. Redlich, having been spared the treatment which Ludwig meted out to William II and which Strachey dealt to Queen Victoria, and having been held for a later date when, no doubt, will fall the iconoclastic blow. F. S. P.

As God Made Them. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

The biographer of the new school has been credited with "a universality of spirit, an almost superhuman isolation." How otherwise, it is contended, might Ludwig write not only of Goethe, Byron, Rembrandt and Beethoven, but also of Napoleon, Bismarck, Lenin and Wilson? Strachey has pictured Victoria, but

he has also done Voltaire and Manning, Rousseau and Gordon. The popular Maurois can dissect Disraeli as well as he can analyze Shelley, Byron and Mrs. Siddons. All this rapid shifting of interest and appreciation, this sudden change of lens and adaptation of lights is made possible, we are told, only because the new biographer has learned to be a detached spectator and a dispassionate observer. This, of course, supposes sufficient leisure and ample time to gain intimacy, if one is to attempt a portrait rather than a caricature. When characters pass through the studio like manikins at a fashion display, or in groups as in a pageant, the artist is forced to crowd his impressions into a few bold strokes and set his canvas for the quickly changing scene. Under such circumstances has Gamaliel Bradford labored in his eagerness to psychograph as many characters as may be crowded onto the largest possible stage. Already he must have nearly seventy-five portraits in his rapidly growing gallery. Lee, Darwin and Samuel Pepys each have a canvas of their own; but huddled into groups are Union, Confederate, American Portraits, Damaged Souls, Portraits of Women and finally a variegated group of vanguard Americans presented "As God Made Them." Just so they have been rushed together without any other reason for their appearance on a common stage. There are three statesmen, Webster, Clay and Calhoun; one journalist, Horace Greeley; an actor, Edwin Booth; a scholar, Francis James Child, and a scientist, Asa Gray. The author gives his best work to Webster and Clay and after the first signs of effort in the portrait of Greeley, seems to suffer either fatigue or confusion. Booth is sketched chiefly with borrowed brushes. The observer becomes less dispassionate when Calhoun appears for a sitting; because, perhaps, he finds it rather difficult, if not impossible, to understand any man who would justify the traffic in slaves. On such a large canvas, however, one can readily overlook the marks of rapid work, and enjoy the fine contrasts of lights and shadows, the general precision of focus and the fairly accurate perspective which has been given these interesting characters of an earlier century. J. G.

Anthology and Year Book of American Poetry for 1928. Edited by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE. New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. \$4.00.

It was in 1913 that Mr. Braithwaite first issued his annual anthology of verse and of diverse data about versifiers. Since that year, he has been the faithful recorder of poetic movements and the industrious collector of fugitive poems that, in his estimation, exemplified the contemporary trend. Future delvers into the poetic mines of these our years will doubtless be helped by these annual collections. Poets and critics of the present are equally appreciative of Mr. Braithwaite's efforts, though they may not hold them in the same reverence as will, doubtless, those of the future. According to the editor's counting, he has chosen 539 poems, published during the year in magazines and books, representing the work of nearly 300 American poets. As in every crate of strawberries, some good specimens may be found by searching and some that are not so good are painfully obvious. The personal tastes of the searcher, moreover, will determine the reaction; some prefer their strawberries mush and mellow, while others like them tart and others like them artificially red. Poems to suit all tastes have been selected by Mr. Braithwaite, but some more than others. Since no one should presume to dictate about so subjective a matter as poetic preferences, the reviewer must leave Mr. Braithwaite's anthology where Mr. Braithwaite left it—an offering at the shrine of the muse—acceptable or not acceptable. The supplementary material is interesting and useful. This includes an index of poets and poems published in American magazines during the latter half of 1927 and the first half of 1928, a list of magazine articles and reviews dealing with poetic subjects, a catalogue of books of poems and selected books about poets and poetry published during the year, and a list of the American magazines that use poetry in their columns. A. T. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Shepherds at Rest.—With no least effort to conceal his enthusiasm, Henri Lavedan, one of the outstanding literary figures of France, has told the story of the little shepherd boy of The Landes in "The Heroic Life of St. Vincent De Paul" (Longman's, Green. \$2.50). The translation of Helen Younger Chase retains all the vivacity, ardor and devotion of the original. The gentle St. Vincent has at last found an admirer who sees in him "one of those souls possessing the candor of the lily and the luster of gold, resplendent in love, that God has created, just as He adds an angel to Paradise or a star to the heavens." M. Lavedan ends his glowing account with the demand "Let us canonize him as our national saint. He is the pendant to Jeanne d'Arc." Students of sociology will do well to study these pages and learn from the life of this pioneer among social organizers the true spirit of real Christian charity.

Although many translations have been made of the life of St. Martin of Tours as it was handed down by Sulpicius Severus, these works are sufficiently rare at present to justify the double process which brings to English readers the translation from the French of Paul Monceaux of these interesting and edifying chronicles. Mary Caroline Watt has done this service and presents "St. Martin of Tours" (Benziger. \$2.25) as he has been happily and gracefully portrayed by his friend and admirer of Aquitaine.

The Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., tells the story of his undergraduate days at Oxford and recalls the steps of his conversion and the consolation, peace and happiness which he found in the Catholic Church and still experiences "After Fifty Years" (Benziger. \$2.25). The author's wealth of learning and experience makes this book much more than another story of a conversion.

Perhaps no book has helped more to inspire zeal for the foreign missions than the story of "A Modern Martyr: Theophane Vénard" (Maryknoll. \$1.00). The Very Rev. James A. Walsh has just issued a revised and annotated edition of this edifying story. American boys quickly respond to the appeal of such generous and self-sacrificing heroism.

Viewing the World.—If one has failed to treasure the Sunday magazine sections of the New York Times in which the activities of the human race during the year 1928 were surveyed and analyzed with Homeric dignity and Pindaric seriousness by H. G. Wells, they need not bemoan their carelessness overmuch, for this modern prophet has seen to it that all his pronouncements and predictions shall be preserved for posterity within the covers of a book bearing the title, "The Way the World is Going" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50). When one tires of Benchley or of Wodehouse, when one has had a surfeit of Cobb or of Cohen, it will be a pleasant distraction to follow the serious humor and the pompous comedy which this Wells innocently offers the credulous American tribe. One discovers such specimens of subtlety as "I maintain that I am a scion, however unworthy, of a very great race, and heir to an unapproachable tradition of candid speech and generous act." He is so candid that he makes no effort to conceal a chronic preference for the first person singular; he is so generous that he would permit the human race absolute freedom in its experimentations with the institution of marriage.

The letters of Georges Clemenceau, which have been rescued from the files of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, show the victorious war Premier as a prolific journalist. One series of letters which he sent from the United States to the Paris *Temps* treats of the reconstruction measures which followed the Civil War. They are sufficiently unified to justify publication under the title, "American Reconstruction" (Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. \$5.00) and hold enough interest on account of the revelations they make, not so much about the reconstruction period as about their author, to gain for them a careful reading. These pictures of an early stage in Clemenceau's career show strong character traits which ripened and reached maturity in the days of the World War.

Students of international affairs will be interested in the "Survey of International Affairs—1926" (American Branch: Oxford University Press), by Arnold Toynbee. The volume continues the work of previous surveys and brings the record down to the close of 1926 from the Versailles Peace Conference. Early omissions in the story of the inter-allied debts since the War are supplied. The questions of migration and of the administration of the mandates and dependencies of the Pacific area are treated. Considerable attention is given to Chinese affairs in their relations to the League of Nations. A valuable chronology of events for 1926 and of international treaties during that year, listed by countries, as well as useful maps and documents, are included in the book. There are technical contributions on such subjects as the United States and the Permanent Court of International Peace, and the International Steel Cartel.

The Modern Novel.—In his study of the novelist's art, Grant Overton invites discussion from the first chapter to the last. As soon as one reads the opening sentence: "Fiction is older than truth," he finds himself on the alert waiting for startling observations; and as his study proceeds his pace slackens, despite the momentum of a sparkling style, because the wonder grows as one reads "The Philosophy of Fiction" (Appleton. \$3.00) that Mr. Overton could have elaborated a book of this kind from the starting principle that "nobody knows what truth is." One is not surprised at the slender relation which the author discovers between morality and art when he learns that the main tenet of this philosophy of fiction affirms that "Fiction is pragmatism. What works is valid, and what doesn't work, no matter how theoretically perfect, is a waste of everybody's time." Perhaps if the author had not given such an ambitious title to his observations the enjoyment of his stimulating and original study might have been more complete.

"The Structure of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace. \$1.25) by Edwin Muir, is the sixth volume in the series of Hogarth Lectures. The author recognizes three types of novel: character, dramatic and chronicle; each with its own limitations and its own validity. The first gives its prime attention to space, the second is chiefly concerned with time, and the last deals equally with both. Mr. Muir develops his thesis by the aid of illustrations from sculpture and music, which help, in some measure, to clarify his meaning. In the last chapter the author remarks, "A great number of the wilder experiments in form recently must have sprung from a hopeless contemplation of the mediocrity of the conventions which the novel has observed for twenty years or so." Mr. Muir is anxious to prove "that these conventions are not traditional but merely fashionable." There is a careful diagnosis of the weaknesses of such novelists as Bennett, Dreiser and Wells.

Something on the nature of a guide-book is Annie Russell Marble's survey of contemporary novelists, which she calls "A Study of the Modern Novel" (Appleton. \$3.50). The novels are grouped according to the method of treatment and set off in two general divisions: British and American. The biographical and critical material, together with the extensive bibliographical references make the book a valuable manual for study clubs and reading circles. The list of writers is so extensive that the book serves mainly as a bulletin board or a graph for ready reference. The critical tone is rather cursory, as might be expected in a work where so many writers had to be included.

Without limitations of period or nationality, Dorothy Brewster has made a collection of stories that is quite different from the usual anthologies of magazine fiction. The author's standard of selection on the basis of literary excellence gave her a splendid advantage, of which she has made full use. The result is shown in "A Book of Modern Short Stories" (Macmillan. \$2.25). Each story in this collection illustrates some particular point of method and structure. Each author, from Chekhov to Ring Lardner, gives his own view of life in an entertaining manner. The compiler, however, finds it necessary to apologize for the preponderance of tragic themes; of realism, brutal, often, and darkly sinister.

Shackles of the Free. Farthing Hall. This Delicate Creature. The Laslett Affair. The Bishop Murder Case.

Grace Mary Ashton has followed her most successful first novel, "Race," with a second novel that is equally good, "Shackles of the Free" (Stokes. \$2.50). The action turns about the permanency of the marriage of David and Ruth Strong. Shortly after the marriage, David, who had been a notable athlete, is stricken with a spinal disease that gradually paralyzes him. Ruth, though a "soft, blissful little creature," unused to crosses, would have remained loyal to her invalid husband almost as a matter of course. But Diana Grey, brilliant, sophisticate, modernly pagan, meddled with the mind of Ruth and tempted her loyalty by insinuating an ex-novice, Simon Anderson, into Ruth's life. Diana's interference worked tragedy into the lives of these young people; it was only partly countered by John Grey, her mystic brother, and Father Treverstone, who always did his duty, but in a blundering way. Ruth, of course, was free to remain with David or to burn boats with Simon. She had free-will, but, as the title indicates, freedom of choice can be fettered by circumstances and people and conscience. This is a forceful and well-plotted story, told with feminine finesse. With but two exceptions, the chief characters are Catholic; and the Catholic note is dominant. "Shackles of the Free" has been selected by the Catholic Book Club as its April book of the month.

With Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestly collaborating on a novel, one might expect to see the beginning of a popular movement for this rather hazardous experiment. "Farthing Hall" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50) is said to have grown out of a casual conversation in which the remark was passed that "the necessity of a lover is a confidant." This germinated into the idea of an exchange of letters between Mark French, a London artist, and his friend, Robert Newlands, of Peartree Lodge, Little Hurlford, Oxon. The letters portray a modern romance in the best Victorian manner. The idea, however, with all its happy ingenuity, has not been without its drawbacks. The characters are off stage to a great extent and the interchange of secrets is not always complete enough to satisfy the reader.

In order to bring the wilful and petulant Boda Cahalboyne to her senses, Con O'Leary finds it necessary to resort to a magic potion which is supposed to bring all wisdom. Boda secures the drug, takes it upon going to bed and then she dreams. What horrible nightmares! First a mouse, pounced on by a vigilant cat; then, a conventional parlor maid, a race horse, a hare and so on through a purgatory of change, until Boda recovers from the effects of Nirvabogea and resolves to make reparation for her part in the merciless cruelty of life. "This Delicate Creature" (Elliott Holt. \$2.50) is finally changed from a selfish, immoral woman into a clean penitent wife.

The identity of "A Gentleman with a Duster" has at last been revealed as Harold Begbie, author of many books in his own right. In "The Laslett Affair" (Macaulay. \$2.00) he trails his feather broom once more and sweeps together material for a novel which contrasts the ways of the Good and the ways of the Bad and shows what happens to them Both. The Bad is represented by Stephen Laslett, the brilliant and unstable son of a wealthy British corporation promoter. The Good is represented by Hugh Jodrell, slow in mind but swift on the field, the son of impoverished aristocrats. Stephen tells Hugh in admiration, "If I had a body like yours, I'd conquer the world." Hugh, in spite of his usual slowness, quickly retorts, "And if I had a mind like yours, I'd conquer myself." That may carry the sound of a tract, but it epitomizes this study by one who has gained a well-merited reputation as a painter of character.

Three times the police department and the district attorney have been baffled by the ingenious devices of the criminal's methods: in "The Benson Murder Case," "The 'Canary' Murder Case" and "The Greene Murder Case." But Philo Vance himself is completely at sea in "The Bishop Murder Case" (Scribner. \$2.00). Sharing Markham's perplexity, one wonders if Vance's psychological insight will again unravel the criss-cross pattern of clues. S. S. Van Dine scores another and a greater triumph for the popular Philo Vance.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

There Was No Sneer

To the Editor of AMERICA:

AMERICA has been coming to our home since its initial number, so I may safely call myself an "old subscriber." Every issue is remailed to a lonely priest in our far Northwest.

Of late the younger members of the household push aside the magazine unread, because of its anti-British tone.

But your sneering remarks in a recent number about a kindly act of the Prince of Wales did, I think, reach the limit of good taste, to say the least.

Realizing the importance of Catholic literature, I feel there are other things of importance, also. I can only offer a protest which I beg you to accept in a Canadian spirit.

Guelph, Ont.

EMMA McELDENY.

The New Encyclical on Church Music

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As I have sung Gregorian chant for many years and find it always a most fascinating music, when done well, I am much interested in Father LaFarge's "The New Encyclical on Church Music," in the issue of AMERICA for March 30. I agree with him thoroughly that it is a very serious subject, that has met with so many variations of opinion within our Church.

Regarding the view of the congregationalist that Gregorian chant is most uninteresting and monotonous, the difficulty is twofold. In the first place, he draws that impression from the fact that the majority of choirs chant it very badly. Secondly, the average congregationalist has seemingly no conception of what it is all about. Consequently, it would require practically a century before one could expect Gregorian chant to be rendered properly by the congregation itself.

Why do most of the choirs chant so badly? There are many replies to this question, all based upon certain difficulties in the choir or the method of conducting the musical services by the Church itself.

Most frequently the choir leader (generally the organist) does not know any more about Gregorian chant than the congregationalist. He or she has been organist in that church for thirty years or more, and, as in the past, still conducts the music in a manner that the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X condemns. The pastor feels it unkind to request a resignation.

Many times the "knowing" choir or chanter demonstrates that special unmusical trait, so obnoxious to a good ear: "dragging." Any music dragged is poor; Gregorian dragged becomes totally lost. The reason most probably is that people wish to sing Gregorian instead of chanting it. Chant is really a prayer recited in musical form, a certain style of Recitativo; it should be done with distinct accentuation of words and syllables and not like modern music with marked rhythm.

Too often the trouble lies in the fact that the pastor himself is not the slightest bit musical; his ancestors were not musical. He studied Gregorian chant at the seminary, after much struggle and endeavor to develop a good ear. He chants the Mass all out of tune or off pitch, even after having started correctly. He simply adores to sing the Pater Noster like a funeral march or with the flattest color of tone production. He inwardly realizes his shortcomings and so places the musical responsibilities upon the shoulders of someone else, whom he believes musical but who is also comparatively poor. Consequently, the choir does mediocre work and the pastor considers it excellent.

Then there is the financial side to consider. In order to have good music, especially Gregorian, the Church should be willing to dig down a little deeper into its treasury, above all in the big metropolitan centers. To have good music, the Church should

have a good organ, an especially good organist, and well-paid soloists. In Paris are found the greatest organs and organists in the world, even in the smallest churches. In the Protestant churches in New York are found well-paid soloist singers.

Of course, there are some first-class choirs that do the work properly and observe all the fine requirements of the *Motu Proprio*. But even among them is frequently found just one drawback. The choir leader still insists on teaching the boy sopranos the "oo" vowel tone color, and as a result gets the deadliest hooty sounds, totally lacking in celestial overtone quality and very often off pitch, particularly on the high notes. What is more, as a result, one cannot understand a single word these boys pronounce, because they swallow every syllable in the "oo" or "hooty" spaces of the back of the mouth. This fault does not apply to the choir leaders only, but also the number of teachers in the theological seminaries and liturgical schools, that teach this same method of tone production.

Naturally, it is always easier to criticize than to perform! But when such a marvelous field as the immortal Gregorian chant is as a whole so badly done, the only remedy seems to be that of education. In other words, the Church should endeavor to educate the people to appreciate the beauty of its chant and the opportunity it offers (no other church can compete with the variation of our music) to express musical devotion to God.

Could not AMERICA run a series of articles on Gregorian chant by some eminent authority? That would certainly influence many readers to a better understanding of it, and perhaps open a way for us in the United States really to put into practice the famous *Motu Proprio* of Pius X.

New York.

HAROLD C. LUCKSTONE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for March 30, John LaFarge gives ardent expression in his article on the Encyclical on Church Music to a matter whose importance I think cannot be overestimated. He says: "We have lost sight to a great extent, of the corporate nature of our worship . . . and if the Mass is to hold the people . . . there must be corporate expression of our worship as well as individual piety."

In the early days of the Church, we are told, and as far down as the Middle Ages, a most intimate union existed at the sacrifice between people and the visible priest, their representative. "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God, the Father Almighty." They could follow the Latin, at least in many districts, and understand better than they do today, the meaning of the liturgy. Mass was of necessity attractive. They went to Mass daily. Of course this does not apply to all districts and to all periods in the Church's history.

Why should the Mass not be equally attractive today, when the Church has brought back again the habit of daily Communion?

Too many of the Faithful go to Mass on Sunday only because they fear damnation. They are present physically but not mentally, or at least not devotionally. . . . Perhaps they will hardly say a devout "Ave"; and then, with a hasty right-hand gesture to scare off the dust which stuck to their clothes, they will hurry home, rejoicing that the onerous Sunday obligation has once again been discharged. What strength have they gathered for a whole week to fight the battle against sin made attractive at every turn?

The unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass is undeniably the most sublime act occurring daily on the face of the earth. The altar is the center from which should radiate all grace and strength for the souls of men. It is astounding that so little has been done to make the Mass more attractive, to quicken appreciation of it in our day when so many worldly attractions are whetting the appetite.

Father LaFarge has struck the right chord. Father J. J. Wynne, S.J., has contributed much to interest people in the Mass by publishing the missal with parallel English version and notes.

A corporate expression of union of priest and people is made in many Bohemian, Slovak and German churches by common Mass prayers and Mass hymns, varying with the season and cor-

responding to the parts of the liturgy. The Mass prayers are beautiful and very devotional. People are also very much interested in the significance of the vestments, ceremonies, etc.

Couldn't Father LaFarge go further than express an unauthorized, private wish? AMERICA can help all our leaders, that by concerted action they may revive in the people a real love for the Mass, an understanding of its full meaning, a participation in the sacrifice by Communion, and a greater Catholic life.

Philadelphia.

PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Sixty years ago the writer flattered himself he had reached the limit of ironical comment on modern Catholic church choirs when he wrote the following paragraph, published in *Cecilia* and quoted in several European church-music journals:

An ordinary organist, assisted by a few singers of moderate abilities and immoderate pretensions, can have things pretty much their own way. The priest, the congregation, and the Mass itself are subordinate to them. The Introit, Gradual, Offertory and other essential parts of the Mass are entirely ignored, while the Kyrie, Gloria, etc., are brought out in a carnival of harmony, and if the prima donna can reach "high C," or force a hiccup while she sings, the effect will be positively sublime!

Our present Pope, Pius XI, suggests the same remedy as his predecessor, Pius X, to begin with the children. While this means another delay of a generation, and the writer has already waited through two generations, and heard thousands of children singing the "Mass of the Angels," without counting the Eucharistic chorus of 62,000, yet the question remains: "What becomes of the children after they reach maturity?" Our Holy Father declares they are "dumb!"

If "these evils are the inheritance of four centuries of Protestantism," how does it happen that congregational singing is so common in Protestant churches, but so rare in Catholic churches, if we except a few so-called "foreign" churches? The real remedy must come from the clergy. As long as they prefer a jazz band pianist to a real organist, congregational singing will not materialize in our churches. The writer once felt bound in conscience to decline a position as organist and choirmaster in a Catholic church where he had filled those positions for thirteen years, because the one condition on which the pastor insisted was: "There must be no *Motu Proprio* in this parish."

White Bear Lake, Minn.

WM. F. MARKOE.

Perilous Propaganda

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Anent birth control, I would like to relate two well-authenticated facts, ask a question and add a corollary.

Fact No. 1: A little more than two years ago, at the request of the students of a large mid-West State university, birth-control advocates explained their theory and practice to the students. A woman of the party supplied quite precise information on the technique, remarking that usually they gave such details only to married people, or to those contemplating marriage; she added, however, in language plainer than I would care to repeat, that should one of the young ladies commit an indiscretion, she would know how to protect herself.

Fact No. 2: A few months after the above incident, the papers of the country carried an Associated Press dispatch from the same university town, saying that a co-ed's diary had been found to contain the names of sixty of the students with whom she had been familiar.

Question: Were numbers one and two related as causes and effect? If they were not so related, is this not about what we will have reason to expect rather generally, when birth-control teachings have become the common heritage of boys and girls throughout the land?

Corollary: A person who sets fire to a house in a town without fire protection, when a strong wind is blowing, can hardly exculpate himself if the whole town is swept away by the flames.

St. Louis.

W. B. R.